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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We now know how it is that Mr. Asquith is so comfortable about the Ulster question; how it is that, amidst all the agonising alarms and excursions, he can hold himself with the air of a man who has dined well, and in what Randolph Churchill called "a calmly digestive mood" is toying with the idea of a good cigar. For Mr. Asquith has decided that there is to be no excursion. The mistresses and servants in England may or may not passively resist the Insurance Act—the Orangemen of Ulster, one and all, are going to play lamb to the Nationalist knacker!

Mr. Asquith—quite incidentally—gave the House this news in the Home Rule debate on Monday: "You may contemplate civil war and contingencies of that sort—I do not". The decisions of the courts of law in Ireland under Home Rule will be carried out, it seems, in the most ordinary way in the world. An angel of perfect peace is abroad in Ulster: the Prime Minister can hear the rustle of his wings!

The attitude irresistibly reminds one of the gentleman in Washington Irving who would not admit for a moment that there were any starving people about. "The Poor! What Poor, pray? Why, there are None". "The Ulster resistance! Nonsense, Sir; nobody will think of resisting in Ulster. Everything will go quite pleasantly and peaceably in Ulster. All is for the best, Sir, in the best possible world." Most of us in private life know one or two people who adopt this kind of attitude when their friends are in trouble. It may be described perhaps as the portly attitude. Mr. Birrell has resorted to it once or twice when the cattle have been whacked or hamstrung in Connaught. It is much to be recommended to people who want to keep

quite cool and collected, and not be worried by the hardships and dangers of others.

The English Parliament may be supreme, but the Irish Parliament is not to be subordinate—that has been the chief point discussed in the Home Rule debate this week. It is not so Irish or so illogical as on the surface it may seem. Is not the attitude of Mr. Redmond, after all, very much like that of Satan as Milton gave it? He means to reign in Hell instead of serving any longer in Heaven—and Mr. Devlin is to be his sergeant-major there. As to "supremacy", even Satan might not deny that this must belong to Heaven—quite a different thing from saying that he should be a subordinate.

No doubt Captain Craig was right in saying that even if the word "subordinate" were put into the Bill, it would be no real guarantee. All can guarantee that the guarantees are not a genuine part of the Bill. Mr. Asquith admits it with the utmost candour: the guarantees, he says, and all members of the Government say with him, are merely put in for form's sake, or what you will. They will never, he says, be wanted; for the Ulstermen never will be ill-treated by the Nationalists. How can a safeguard against an ill that can never arise be a serious safeguard? One might as well provide a fireguard for a room in which there is no grate, no chimney and no fire.

Unionists quite agree the safeguards are all make-believe; for they know well that these things are made of paper and will be burnt directly the fire breaks out. None the less they were quite right to press for the word "subordinate" to be put into the Bill. What is often described by stupid people as "wasting the time of the House" can be sparing the time and money of the country; this is a Parliamentary axiom for the well-informed.

By the by, talking of subordination, perhaps we may recommend a book for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take away with him on his next week-end holiday. It was written by Defoe and its title is "The Great Law of Subordination Consider'd, or the Insolence and Insufferable Behaviour of Servants in England, Illustrated with a Great Variety of Examples".



On Wednesday Mr. Chamberlain begged the Prime Minister to stop finessing over Ulster and put all his Home Rule cards on the table. Mr. Asquith is nowadays so often dummy—and played by a Labour member or a Nationalist—that the request might seem reasonable. But in this matter of Ulster Mr. Asquith is very much in play himself—and to do him justice no Prime Minister in English history ever proved himself a better hand at finessing the knave. He is not a very bold rider, as Mr. Bonar Law put it this week in the most brilliant bit of satire in Parliament for many a long day, but with his feet under the card-table he is often quite at home. The last thing on earth the Prime Minister is likely to do is to show his hand in this particular game.

Having failed to trap Unionists over the Ulster exclusion amendment, the Prime Minister harshly shut down the debate and carried the first clause of the Bill. We think Mr. Asquith and other leaders on both sides have not realised this—there is one wholly brutal feature of politics to-day, and that is the gag. When Robespierre rose and tried to intimidate the Assembly for the last time, he could not speak, and through the din the insurgents, at last risen successfully against him, cried out that the blood of Danton choked him: that of free speech might surely choke our modern Robespierres. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, a Liberal of noble and intellectual distinction, deplored the crudity and coarseness of some of the modern democrats. But this gag is the lowest resort of bullying and bashing. We share the indignation of brave Mr. Robert O'Neill and the other Tories who made a short but stern stand against the thing on Wednesday.

The peculiar brutality of this odious "gag" is that it strikes at an intellectual principle which all Christian and civilised thought has agreed to respect. The gag is essentially a low resort. The knout compared with the gag is refined. It only strikes at the flesh. Many Liberals must dislike this coarse bludgeon. To hit a man in the mouth and disable him that he may no longer express thoughts which are not your thoughts—and which delay you for a little while from carrying out some plan or other—what is it but crude barbarism? Intellect and reason will have to rise and end this crass thing.

It may have gone hard with the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary to strike the portly attitude after the Ancient Hibernian Debate this week. They may still hold that Ulster will yield; but Mr. Birrell did not deny that the Hibernians prodded a small boy in the stomach with a pike; and that the women and children, generally, were rushed, in a scuffle to get rid of the Union Jack. "Women and children first" is a rule among the Ancient Hibernians when they are out for blood. Glorious to relate they are an Approved Society under the Act! Why, by the way, should not the Ancient Hibernians keep the peace for the Government by issuing "strikers' passes"?

Like a wounded lion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer after mauling one of his deadly foes is now growling horribly and turning away to have a bite at another. He began on the dukes at Limehouse, but in his speech last week he left them for the moment to turn on the duchesses. So far as one can understand from his angry imagery, they are not really "in what is called Society", only on the edge of it, hovering for admission. We remember Randolph Churchill once neatly referring Labouchere to "Truth" when he was heckled about some Society matter. Well, Radicalism has still its sources of exclusive information about Society. Has not the Prime Minister just added "Reynolds" to the Privy Council?

Labour and Liberalism are quarrelling to some purpose now. They look at one another and howl most of the time, but, like cats, they are long in closing. But now Labour is determined to close with the Liberal

at Hanley and at Crewe. There has even been talk of the Labour party absenting itself in a body from the House until these elections were settled; but that has ended in talk. Rather neatly the Government proposed to put down the Trade Disputes Bill during the absence of the Labour members.

At Ilkeston conscience for once did not pay. Mr. Seely, on his elevation to a Secretaryship of State and Cabinet rank, asks his constituents to endorse his promotion. His flush of glory got rather a cold douche. His majority at last general election was 4044; on Monday it was 1211; in a square fight with no Labour candidate.

Mr. Masterman has this week confessed that the suggestive falsity of the National Insurance leaflet was deliberately intended by the Government to hustle employees hot-foot into approved societies. In the House of Commons on Monday he argued that the sooner employees joined a society, the better—that it was to their interest to be frightened betimes into the net. The Government, in fact, no longer denies that the leaflet was meant to deceive contributors into believing that they must choose at once between an approved society and the Post Office. The defence now is that contributors were intentionally deceived for their good. The Government, of course, no more believes in this second defence than they believed in the first. Already they have been compelled to consider the hard case of a contributor hustled untimely into an unsuitable society. These unfortunate contributors are now definitely advised to withdraw their applications if they are still unaccepted; or, if they are already full members, to end their membership.

The National Insurance Commissioners have answered the doctors in a letter which makes "no material concession" in advance of what was offered them by Mr. Lloyd George in February and refused. In fact, the problem is no nearer solution than it was five months ago. The Council of the British Medical Association advises members either to break off negotiations altogether, adhering strictly to the minimum demands of February, or to elect a Committee to negotiate further with the Commissioners; meantime let them prepare for open war if these negotiations are not successful. It is now quite clear that insured persons will be paying for sickness benefit long before the Government will know how the benefit is going to be administered.

Mr. F. E. Smith in his letter to the "Times" on the history of the Unionist Housing Bill in Parliament unfolds a tale of intrigue and meanness not often equalled even in the manoeuvres of a Radical Government. This was a Bill to make possible a continuous and intelligent national housing policy by the appointment of a permanent commission and to enable local authorities to supply decent and cheap houses for the poor. Everyone knows this is greatly wanted; and everyone also knows or ought to know that it cannot be done on a strictly commercial basis. Subsidy there must be. The Government have wrecked the Bill by knocking out the subsidy. The pretext, of course, is economic probity. The hypocrisy is transparent. The truth, of course, is that the Government cannot endure that Unionists should get credit for a good Bill or that a social reform should go through that will not hurt the conservative classes.

The House of Commons on Monday by sixty-six votes resolved that men and masters should meet "with a view to arriving at a settlement" of the Dock strike. This resolution has not had the slightest effect upon the position outside the House. Mr. Cave, debating the resolution, spoke of the "absurd position in which the House would be placed if the resolution were carried, and the employers took no notice of it otherwise than by acknowledgment"—precisely the position

which ensued. Obviously a resolution debated and voted on strictly party lines in the House of Commons could not have the least effect upon either masters or men.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald were, in this debate, far more definitely opposed than Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Asquith laid it down as a principle that "Governments ought to be very chary of interfering", and he pointedly disagreed with Mr. O'Grady. Mr. Bonar Law's motion was precisely in this sense—"the constitutional and normal attitude of the Government should be one of complete detachment and neutrality". Mr. Ramsay Macdonald did not name the Prime Minister when he attacked the Leader of the Opposition; but his speech aimed at Mr. Bonar Law hit Mr. Asquith. If Mr. Asquith had stuck to his "principles" on Monday, he would have been driven into the same lobby with Mr. Bonar Law. Was it clumsiness, or the most delicate finesse, whereby Mr. Macdonald struck at the Unionist Leader and brought down the Liberal?

A sentence or two in Mr. Seely's speech on the Army estimates showed what political control of the Army is costing this country. Mr. Seely has the courtesy title of colonel, having been an irregular or auxiliary of some sort, and he solemnly propounded that his sort of soldier is a better fighting man than the regular! Then he tells us that compulsory service cannot be practical politics until *after* the next war. This can only mean that we are to wait for disaster to put our house in order. This is the way with most Englishmen perhaps; but that the supreme head of the Army should endorse it and make a policy of it!

There are rumours of a renewed attempt on the part of our military advisers to introduce the cumbrous Continental double-company into our Army. To do so would be a fatal blow to one of the very few British military organisations which has been proved, both in war and in peace, to be vastly superior to that in vogue on the Continent; which has been adopted mainly on account of the huge masses of men employed, and the consequent difficulty of officering smaller units. Unfortunately the officers whose opinions carry most weight know little or nothing of the subject. What, for example, can Sir John French, a cavalry officer, know of the British infantry company system? What, again, can an artilleryman know? Even infantry officers do not all appreciate the value of the system, for some of them passed their early years in battalions where it had not been introduced.

On the other hand, the Army order of July restoring the lance as part of the "normal war equipment" of our gallant Lancer regiments is most gratifying. Here we are wholly at one with Sir John French in dealing with a matter well within his knowledge. It is nearly ten years since Lord Roberts declared the lance to be abolished save for gala parades and tent-pegging! What about Mr. Erskine Childers and l'arme blanche now?

Lord Crewe, in the House of Lords on Tuesday, revealed nothing as to the Government's naval policy in the Mediterranean. The Government's intentions are to be left for explanation to Mr. Churchill introducing the Estimates. Lord Crewe took particular exception to the charge that the Mediterranean had been "evacuated"; but, as Lord Selborne clearly showed (pace Lord Lansdowne), seven cruisers in the Mediterranean, in view of the increase of Italy and Austria in naval strength, is effectually evacuation. There was no avoiding Lord Selborne's dilemma. If the withdrawal from Malta is not necessary, the Government should not have withdrawn. If it is necessary, then the Navy is not as strong as it should be.

Did Lord Crewe really intend his figures to reassure the House? In 1914 thirty "Dreadnoughts" against thirty-nine of other European Powers; in 1915, thirty-

six against fifty-one—presumably the whole strength of the British Fleet, including the New Zealand ships, to be concentrated upon maintaining our naval supremacy in North European waters! Then, what was the meaning of Lord Crewe's airy dissertation upon the policy of depending upon allies and agreements?

Mr. Borden is unobtrusive and has no message for the reporters. But he has brought part of the Canadian Government over with him and is ready to do business. His visit has actual significance; it will count in keeping the Empire together. A Dominion Premier has come to England not to discuss resolutions but to work out a scheme. Everything depends on the reception given him. We must hope that when Mr. Churchill shut the door against Imperial Preference, he left a back way open for Imperial Defence. At any rate Mr. Borden is going about his part of the work in a quiet, businesslike way.

Lord Kitchener is coming home partly for a holiday, partly, we hope, to join in the meetings of the Imperial Defence Committee. He has done splendid work in Egypt in the past nine months. He has appeased both the Coptic and the Moslem movements, to the great increase of good feeling throughout the country, has won the affection of the fellaheen, and has restored the prestige of the administering Powers. All this is disagreeable to the advocates of an Egypt for the Egyptians policy, and some misguided men have just been arrested for conspiracy to murder the Prime Minister and even, according to one report, the British Agent himself. The news comes as a reminder that there is still discontent in Egypt. But the conspiracy will not turn Lord Kitchener from his work. That work is first and foremost to free the farmer from the moneylender. The native moneylender can be dealt with; it is the foreigner who can snap his fingers at the administration. Is Sir Edward Grey ready to back Lord Kitchener and face the Capitulations question?

The mutiny at Monastir is ominous and seems to be spreading. It is accompanied by an Albanian rising, and Turkish troops have already refused to fight against their co-religionists. The whole business is very serious, and adds to the complications already existing, which in themselves are grave enough. It is well that it should be clearly understood that this is a genuine movement to take the control of affairs out of the hands of the Committee of Union and Progress, which is now mainly run by Jewish financiers. It is not reactionary, and is at least as sincere an attempt to mend the State as was the revolution against Abdul Hamid.

It is difficult for the outsider to apportion the due amount of blackguardism to each of the two American Conventions, Republican and Democratic. A more complete exposure of the fallacy of democracy, in its wide, and not restricted, sense, has never been seen. The only satisfaction to decent people in the States must be that in the end the Democrats chose the right candidate. It is, however, more than hinted by the excellent correspondent of the "Times" that his nomination was preceded by some sinister negotiations whereby Tammany was ultimately placated. We are getting accustomed to queer manoeuvres and questionable alliances among our own politicians, but America is still unrivalled in this field. Happily the Roosevelt ticket seems doomed by the Woodrow Wilson candidature.

On Monday Mr. Runciman prohibited the landing of Irish cattle in Great Britain; but by Thursday Glasgow was opened to the trade from Belfast. It seems that the disease in Ireland was traced to Swords in Westmeath; and in four surrounding counties prohibition brought all the trade in that area to a standstill. Mr. Healy in the House of Commons on Wednesday complained of the "panic" which would cost Ireland millions of money. Mr. Runciman pointed out that England would suffer just as much; but Mr. Healy does not mind that; as we can afford it, he thinks.

Moving a reduction of salary in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Peel made no charge of connivance against the Irish Department; but he made a very definite charge of indifference. It seems admitted that the Board here has been prompt in doing everything that was necessary. Mr. Healy may be sure we are not submitting to loss and restrictions for amusement. Meantime one interesting fact as to what happened in Ireland is established. The man who examined the cattle at Swords on the day they were shipped to Liverpool was a "quack" veterinary surgeon. He diagnosed "timber tongue" and nothing else. Still, it must be remembered that the disease takes several days to incubate.

Yesterday there were only two Judges of the whole number sitting in Court in the King's Bench Division; and one of these was in the Railway and Canal Commission, which hardly counts as an ordinary Law Court. The other Judge was Mr. Justice Hamilton in the Commercial Court; and Mr. Justice Channell was in Chambers. With these exceptions the rest of the Judges were on circuit; consequently almost all London business was at a standstill. Two additional Judges would at least keep the ball rolling. Litigants complain, the bar complains, and the latest malcontents are the law reporters, who complain that there are not enough Courts to go round. It is all the worse that the Long Vacation is creeping on. Mr. Justice Bray is to be commended for his pluck in speaking out.

Mr. Balfour, at Wednesday's meeting of the Universities Congress, touched upon one of the most difficult of Imperial problems—perhaps the most difficult of all. How are we going to diminish the shock which the sudden invasion of a wholly alien learning must have upon the cultured society of the East? With us scientific knowledge has grown gradually; and we have insensibly adjusted our philosophy and mental habit to the scientific spirit. But what will happen when "the full stress and weight of modern scientific, critical, and industrial knowledge" is thrown suddenly upon a society unprepared to receive it? Mr. Balfour sees no solution of the problem. "Here", he said, "we are forced to be catastrophic. It is impossible to graft on the East by a gradual process what we have got by a gradual process in the West—something which is suddenly carried full-fledged, and planted down, as it were, in these new surroundings"—planted down like a Parliament in China.

A few English dabblers in philosophy may have taken an interest in Upsala and its old university because of the association with Swedenborg, but English dabblers in old music had not suspected until the present discovery that they had the slightest reason to think about either. Now, however, in this most unlikely resting place are found the parts of some sonatas for viols composed by an English composer, William Young, and printed in 1653 at Innsbruck by one Wagner—Michael of that name. So far only a couple of samples have been scored and copied, and it is to be hoped we may soon have them all. This Young was one of the numerous English musicians who in the old days took service with foreign nobles. He lived in Austria until the Restoration; and evidently it is by the merest accident that some of his works were preserved in the far north; hardly any were kept in England. It is as yet too early to attempt to judge whether he is entitled to a place amongst our finer musicians. It would be easy and inexpensive to have all the parts scored and barred by a competent man. They are amongst the earliest specimens of music-printing in existence.

Any criticism of a proposal to do honour to the dead is apt to appear churlish; but even at that risk we must say that the decision of the Dean to give burial in St. Paul's to Alma-Tadema shows a defective sense of proportion. These honours are of national significance and should be guarded more jealously than they are.

THE GOVERNMENT'S BURDEN.

WHAT will be the last straw? The back of the animal is obviously bending to breaking point, though it has not yet actually broken. So it is natural that everyone should be wondering what will prove to be the breaking straw. It is the most interesting political speculation just now. Mr. Asquith's back is undoubtedly broad, and also very flexible—a valuable quality for endurance that not every political spine possesses. Nothing less true could be said of Mr. Asquith than that he can be broken but not bent. He looks that, and it is his manner, which is of great advantage to him, for it makes many think he is standing foursquare when he is really bending—not before one wind only, but many. Indeed, had he been really of the rigid sort he appears to be, he would have broken long ago. That might do well enough up to January 1910. Till then he commanded an army all one: his men were his own, and there were plenty of them. He was able to say to his followers go, and they went; come, and they came. But that halcyon time was spoilt by the election of January 1910. Mr. Asquith himself foresaw what was coming, and adapted himself, no doubt wisely enough, to the new conditions. Even before the election he treated with the Nationalists, dangled Home Rule before them (it had been formally rejected, or at any rate laid by, in 1906), was conciliatory and very regardful of Labour, and considerate and respectful even to the Socialists. From that time he has been careful not to say go or come to his followers till he has first found out privately whether they will come, if he tells them to come or go, if he tells them to go. Having made this preliminary inquiry, he is, of course, able to make a brave show of stiffness in public, for he asks only for what he already knows his allies will give him. They do not mind him saving appearances by demanding this in round imperious tones. In this way Mr. Asquith has been able to sustain a very big load indeed. He has known what his back can bear; he has been able to bend to the burden he expected. But now comes a different strain—the strain of a burden he had not expected and not intended to bear. It is all very well to bend to the burden put upon you by your legitimate masters, or those whom you have at any rate accepted as masters, but straws added by others are a different matter altogether. The burden of Ulster for instance Mr. Asquith did not arrange for; if he bends to that, he will sink; if Ulster puts it on him unbending, he will break. What is he to do? What he would like to do, of course, is to refuse this straw and prevent Ulster putting it upon him. But can he? He has refused it; that was easy, and necessary; but can he prevent Ulster laying it upon him? This is just the problem that is worrying the Government more than any other, and all the more that they do not, any of them, like to face it. What Mr. Asquith does and what Mr. Birrell does and what they all do is to turn away their heads. They will not contemplate anything so unpleasant as forcible resistance to Home Rule. They do not like it even talked about. Mr. Asquith closed the Ulster Unionists on Wednesday in order to hush up so unpleasant a business. The Government simply cannot trust themselves to look this matter in the face. They are afraid of being seen to quail. In everything it has always seemed to us feeble in the extreme to put off painful things by calling them impossible, unspeakable, unthinkable. For one thing, if they were unspeakable and unthinkable, no one could be calling them either unspeakable or unthinkable. We have never seen any sense in dismissing the contingency of war with America, for instance, as unthinkable. Horrors are not conjured away by closing eyes and holding up pious hands at them. Nothing could be feebler than the refusal of the Government to consider the possibility of rebellion against Home Rule. Their case is not Gladstone's, who did not believe in its possibility. They are painfully aware that it is possible; but, not knowing how to meet it, they would drop so unpleasant a subject. At any rate the Government have

been fairly warned in this matter. They have been told plainly enough what their policy will lead to. If they refuse to believe it, they must take the consequences. The Opposition had every right to ask Mr. Asquith to tell them truly whether they had any plan for dealing with the Ulster Unionists alternative to the plan of the Bill. The Government may think it clever not to show their cards. It would not be unlike their character to treat so grave a matter in the spirit of a card game. They are just politicians, and cannot see that this is more than politics, more than an issue between parties. To apply to such a situation mere parliamentary dexterity is madness. Bigger men could see that it cannot be settled that way. The question the Government are up against and must answer is this: Do they consider Home Rule so necessary as to justify their imposing it on the Unionists of Ulster, though they know it will provoke armed resistance and that they can enforce it only by meeting that resistance by a military expedition? That is the situation. If they do think Home Rule so necessary to the country's interests, let them say so plainly and have the courage of their opinions. The Ulster Unionists have said plainly enough that they hold Home Rule to be so disastrous as to justify forcible resistance, and that they would so resist it; and the whole Opposition have endorsed their attitude. Let the Government be equally straight.

We do not deny that the Government are placed in a painful position. They have to make a choice of almost terrible significance. But it is their own doing. A Government that determines to force through a policy ruinous to a powerful minority, or even a policy which the minority believes to be ruinous to itself, must know that it is provoking more than political opposition. It is, in fact, straining our political system to a point it cannot stand. The Government went very near to doing this in the Parliament Bill. Mr. Lloyd George now proposes, for electioneering purposes, a land scheme which would do the same. Mr. Hemmerde, who at any rate puts on the airs of a man in the know, talks blithely of meeting the whole cost to the nation of elementary education, main roads, poor relief, police, and asylums out of a tax on land. Ultimately this must mean the ruin of the present landowning class—what Mr. Lloyd George wants. This, again, is more than politics. It is waging war. The cumulative effect of the Government's policy is to bring this country steadily nearer to a situation which political methods will not meet. If Ulster is driven to oppose Home Rule by force, the Government will find themselves in face of much more than an Irish question.

Labour, too, is now adding its straw to the Government's burden. The Labour parliamentary party has been on the whole extremely docile and amenable to Government lead; too much so to please their constituents and other Labour organisations. So they feel now that a stand must be made. They contested Holmfirth and gained on the Liberal. They are now going to contest Hanley, in Staffordshire, and Crewe. The Liberals will not give way to them, and insist on putting up their man. Both sides, of course, claim the right to these seats. Complicated arguments, based on past compacts actual or imagined, are threshed out in the papers. What the rights or wrongs on that head may be no Unionist need trouble to know, as he certainly will not care. It is nothing to us. The difference between Labour and Liberalism does not come to much. On the whole the Labour party is rather the honest, and rather the more foolish. The only interest to us in this pretty quarrel is the evidence it gives of disunion on the Government side. Liberals and their Labour friends are now calling one another bad names and threatening terrible reprisals. Whether in Parliament Labour members will have the courage to show some independence is yet to be seen. But the feeling which is running pretty high now can hardly help weakening the alliance, and may cost the Government one or two by-elections and several seats at the general election.

This will not make Mr. Asquith's burden lighter, though it be not the last straw.

And a heavy naval question is coming. The country is getting to see that the position of the Empire is very unsafe; that the Navy is not strong enough for what it has to do; and that only a great increase in its strength can make the Empire safe. This means many extra millions, which the Government must raise and spend, or fail in their duty. Either way they will be met with opposition on their own side.

And there is the irreconcilable division in the Cabinet on women's suffrage. If brought to the front and made actual, this question must break them up, and it cannot be put off indefinitely. On the whole, Mr. Asquith will probably find it the more excellent way to shuffle his burden off on to a general election before it crushes him.

THE MARPLOTS AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE discussion now raging about our position in the Mediterranean concerns the whole of our naval strength. It is affirmed by the Government in very positive terms that our provision of Dreadnoughts and pre-Dreadnoughts is adequate at the moment, and that this period of safety in regard to mere material extends to the end of 1913. Consequently, if it is found necessary to withdraw a fleet from the Mediterranean during the next twelve months, it can only be due to the inability to man and maintain ships simultaneously on the home and Mediterranean stations. If on the other hand the Government say that their manning arrangements are perfectly adequate, the preparations for withdrawal must either be due to a complete reversal of policy or to a penny-wise pound-foolish policy of saving expense. Let us assume the figures of Lord Crewe to be accurate that in 1913 we shall have twenty-four Dreadnought-era ships to twenty-one possessed by all the other European naval Powers, or with the "New Zealand" twenty-five to twenty-one. It is perfectly clear that these figures do not warrant a withdrawal from the Mediterranean owing to inadequate strength in the immediate future. When, however, we come to 1914 he tells us we shall have thirty or thirty-one Dreadnought-era ships to thirty-nine for the other European Powers, and in 1915 thirty-six or thirty-seven to fifty-one. But though the situation in 1914 can no longer be remedied by a supplementary programme, it is quite possible to do so in 1915, but such programme will of course require corresponding additions to the personnel. We believe the whole difficulty lies in the disinclination of both the Government and the Treasury to face the heavy sacrifices of making large and adequate additions to the personnel of the Navy. This is fairly obvious from Lord Crewe's own figures in regard to our actual strength in ships. If it were possible to man all the ships that we require, it is hardly conceivable that even a Radical Government would choose this moment of Mohammedan unrest and of Mediterranean warfare for a withdrawal of our fleet. We do not believe that it will be seriously disputed that Lord Selborne is correct in saying that "the shortage of men that exists arises from the fact that sufficient boys were not taken into the Navy four or five years ago". The Admiralty openly boasted that they could obtain any number of men for the Navy, so popular were the conditions of service, and the Government and the Admiralty must between them share the responsibility of having endangered the stability of the Empire and its trade through inadequate Navy estimates in the past. It is not, in our opinion, a question of garrisons at all, though it is true that our Mediterranean garrisons have been reduced on the ground that a fleet was there to maintain the communications of Malta and Gibraltar, and therefore to protect them. Indeed, if the fleet is withdrawn the position of any British possession, however heavily garrisoned, becomes a matter of anxiety. It is invariably found that the resulting economy of naval force is wholly fallacious, for the moment the place is attacked the naval force has to attempt its relief. It was so at

Gibraltar in the famous siege, and it will be so always, whether it be Gibraltar, Malta, or Egypt which is attacked.

We regret, therefore, that Lord Lansdowne should have mentioned additions to our Mediterranean garrisons first in the order of steps he considered necessary "to mitigate the blow which had been struck at the reputation of the country as a great naval Power". The correct note for an Imperial party was struck by Lord Selborne when he pointed out that the sea is all one, and to maintain the Empire we have to control its communications. It is only necessary to mention the matter of the reduction of the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta from eleven battalions in 1904 to seven in 1911 in order to say that if the presence of naval strength justified that reduction, its absence must require their re-establishment. There is therefore no real economy in regard to men. The only difference is that men in garrison protect these places, which are wholly valueless except for naval uses, whereas men in Mediterranean ships not only protect the bases but also the whole of our Mediterranean trade, half our food supplies, the communications to India and the Far East, and by destroying the enemy's squadrons on the spot they defend the whole Empire from the attacks of these mobile ships. The object of garrisons for bases of a predominant naval Power is of a subordinate character. In the case of a weak naval Power the fortifications and the garrison for a time protect the naval force as well as the base, as at Port Arthur. For the British Empire, with numerous ports dotted along 42,000 miles of coast-line, the garrisons exist simply to prevent a coup de main and to force an enemy to attack, if he deems it worth while, in such strength as will almost inevitably lead to his ships being intercepted by our own on the sea. To withdraw our fleet is to enable him to do these things without hindrance. Therefore Lord Selborne is demonstrably right when he points out that if a squadron has to be withdrawn, then our naval strength is short by that squadron, using the word in its true significance of at least eight fully-manned battleships with all their subsidiary vessels, whether cruisers, destroyers, or submarines. Only such an assembly of ships can be properly exercised as a squadron. "The situation", said Lord Selborne, "is exposed to the whole world, and our duty is to replace the squadron withdrawn at the earliest possible moment." A supplementary estimate of one million, or less than what was saved on the Navy estimates voted last year, is mere tinkering with the problem. The same journals praise Mr. Churchill that supported the Admiralty in past years for the inadequate provision which was made, and which has led directly up to the present situation. At the same time they condemn the Mediterranean withdrawal. We trust that they will now see that finance, and not necessity, has been the motive of the Radical Government's policy, and that they will demand both a standard of naval supremacy and a programme to meet the Mediterranean crisis which will put an end to the policy of running away from all our obligations outside home waters. We do not ask for a standard resting on the opinion of any expert, however eminent. We think the standard should be of the simplest character for the man in the street to apply. Such a standard is two to one as against the next strongest naval Power. Mr. Churchill's policy of sixty per cent. superiority has meant withdrawal from the Mediterranean.

Let the Unionists adopt the well-tried policy of two to one in battleships, which existed for over a century, carrying with it a supremacy both in home waters and the Mediterranean. Let us push it through with the determination with which we fought for laying down two keels to one in the specific year of 1909, and promise the Government Unionist support for a great loan. The Radical policy has been clearly indicated by the "Daily News and Leader". It declares for the diversion of our route to India to one by the Cape, nearly five thousand miles longer, which, if we attempted to place one-fourth of our Suez Canal shipping on it, would be so congested as to create chaos

and financial crisis for all concerned. With academic arrogance the Radical mouthpiece ignores transport considerations altogether, and talks of food supplies not only being diverted to the Cape route, but coming to us overland to the Baltic. The writer must have a very vivid imagination about the railway systems of Russia, and why the Baltic route should be so particularly safe in a war with Germany he does not explain. He holds that £325,000,000 worth of trade with the Mediterranean or through it is merely a matter of "convenience", and as it is expensive to defend we had better abandon it. The same writer would exhaust his adjectives over an infinitesimal tax on foreign wheat, but half our cereal supplies, all our tea, all our jute, and all our rice which come from or through the Mediterranean are trifles light as air. It is the typical view of the Little Englander, and we are grateful to the "Daily News and Leader" for its candour. After all the thing that supremely matters is that people should go on with their cocoa.

CANADA AND EMPIRE.

AN Imperial Conference is a spectacular affair naturally productive of platitudes in the Press. But when a Dominion Premier comes to England, accompanied not only by some of his most influential colleagues, but by two distinguished permanent officials, fine talk about Empire is off the point. Mr. Borden is here on business, and what is to be said in the next two or three weeks matters far less than what is to be done as a result of the talk. It would, of course, be waste of time to make conjectures about the proposals to be put forward, but it is of immense importance that we should get a clear idea of the spirit in which the Canadian Government is approaching the Imperial problem. Canadian Liberalism we know; Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been as fluent, as dramatic, and as sophisticated as a man of Gallic blood can be. But Canadian Conservatism is rather an unwritten book; the death agony of the last Conservative administration in the Dominion ended a few months after Mr. Chamberlain went to the Colonial Office, and a great deal happened during the fifteen years while the party was in opposition. So it is natural that Mr. Foster's speeches should excite a good deal of interest over here. Mr. Foster may fairly be taken as a typical Canadian Conservative. His political career began before 1896, and he was thus in active association with the Fathers of the Confederation.

On the whole, Mr. Foster's speeches are more than satisfactory. He has insisted that Canada views the future with an eye of faith. We know that the men who made Confederation relied upon the future to justify their work. But Mr. Foster does not belong to that generation. He has stepped into a goodly heritage, for the Canada of his youth was a Canada already well advanced in the way of progress. Accordingly we have studied his speeches carefully to see whether they betrayed a tendency to acquiesce in purely material welfare, and we are happy to note that he has had more to tell us about Canadian aspirations than about Canadian wealth. His speech at the Constitutional Club on Tuesday contained, it is true, rather too much parade of statistics—than which there is no more delusive index of the state of a nation—but his speech at the Dominion Day dinner glowed with a fine enthusiasm which it must have done Lord Strathcona good to hear.

Radicals may ask what matter whether a Canadian Minister talks about the wheat production of the prairies or the ambitions of Ottawa politicians. Surely it matters a very great deal. Canada has become very speedily rich, and one of the two great dangers besetting her is that she may relapse into easy satisfaction. There is undoubtedly some tendency on the part of Canadians to be content with mere materialism. The Western city with its motto "Watch us grow" is a thing of evil import. The state of the arts too gives cause for anxiety. A community like Western Canada,

built up in the main of scattered farms broken only by railway junctions, cannot have the rich artistic life of an aggregate of cities like Western Germany. When all allowances have been made, the intellectual life of Canada cannot compare in fulness and variety with that of the Scandinavian countries for example, and it is hard to resist the conclusion that Canada would have thought more deeply and felt more finely if she had not prospered so quickly. On the other hand, the character of Mr. Borden's errand shows a well-developed political sense. The point that Canada cannot with self-respect contribute to the Imperial navy unless she is given a voice in the Imperial councils would not have been grasped by an electorate wholly given over to money-making. That it has been grasped is due largely to the fiery eloquence of Mr. Bourassa, and it may fairly be hoped that the French-Canadians, with their inherited gift for political logic and their love of first principles, will preserve their country from any dull acquiescence in the good fortune of the moment.

Balancing good points against bad, then, we may say that given a little luck—without which no policy can really succeed—Canada should avoid the perils of materialism. But she is exposed to another danger which is far more serious—the danger that she may not be able to assimilate the new elements now so rapidly passing into her body politic. The population of Canada is under eight millions, yet, as Mr. Foster has reminded us, she hopes to receive half a million immigrants this year. Can she deal with them all and convert them, by the time that they apply for their naturalisation papers, into good Canadians in the traditional sense of the words? Clearly everything turns on the sources of the immigration. Three years cannot suffice to turn a Japanese into a Canadian, and Canada is accordingly excluding the yellow man. The British immigrant is at the other extreme. No Canadian doubts his ability to enter into the spirit of Canadian citizenship; the doubt arises as to his skill in adapting himself to new conditions, and it is because the Englishman in Canada tends to remain an Englishman in Canada instead of becoming a Canadian that he is not very favourably regarded by the upholders of Canadian nationalism.

But the heart of the problem is the American immigrant. There is a sense in which he becomes a good Canadian almost at once. He realises that he has come to a fertile, profitable land, and he is eager enough to make the best of it. In that narrow restricted sense he is a good Canadian; but it would be fairer to say that he is really no more than a good Albertan or Saskatchewanian. In exactly the same way he was a good citizen of his State before he crossed the frontier, but a poor citizen of the United States. His citizenship meant nothing to him but a vague sense of satisfaction at the idea of living in the new world and being quit of monarchy and feudalism, and ecclesiastical tyranny, and suchlike antiquated fal-lals, and this sense found expression in a vain worship of the Stars and Stripes. On the face of it, there is no reason why Canadian citizenship should mean anything different from this. In many cases it does not mean anything different. There are schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan where the Stars and Stripes is hoisted instead of the Union Jack. It is not true, or at any rate it is not yet true, to say that the parents of the children in these schools are conscious and deliberate annexationists eager to exalt the United States at the expense of the British Empire. But certainly the British Empire means absolutely nothing to them. The West has not yet acquired the spirit of the East, and the rapid growth of American transmigration may mean that it will never acquire it. In the East a good Canadian means a Canadian loyal to the Imperial idea; but in the West it means an American who would make the most of an unexhausted country.

The proof of all this lies in the circumstances of the last election. To men who were Imperialists through and through the plan for the creation of a Canadian national navy was as repugnant as the plan for

commercial reciprocity with the States. Both plans were, indeed, contrary to the Imperial idea. But in the Western provinces not only did Reciprocity predominate over the Navy but it had many adherents. The Westerner in fact was out to do business in the polling booth, and Mr. Taft had offered a deal. It is in view of this Western sentiment that the policy of Imperial preference means so much to Canadian Imperialists. It is surely most significant that Mr. Foster in addressing a Unionist audience by no means indifferent to defensive considerations should have dealt at length with preference. Mr. Foster is right. Preference is the one sure way of turning the interests of the West definitely towards Empire, and it is only on the basis of preference that the foundations of a general scheme of Anglo-Canadian co-operation can be well and truly laid.

DR. WOODROW WILSON.

DR. WOODROW WILSON'S nomination for the Presidency of the United States was no "rubber-stamp" endorsement by professional politicians. Dr. Wilson is a man of principle, and he was strong enough to make it felt. He is as far removed from the average vote-catching politician as any candidate well could be who appears before the American electorate. Even the machine politicians respect him. The machine politicians fear Dr. Wilson's character even more than they respect it, for it is outside their everyday experience.

Dr. Wilson is not the type of man (if any such there be) whose presence you would at once remark in a roomful of people if you had never heard of his existence. Nor is he of the robustious type, radiating energy, like Mr. Roosevelt. Anyone who knows American university teachers and Southerners would at once recognise him as one and the other. His is distinctly a dignified personality, yet with something boyish about it. His speech is terse and lucid, and on the platform he is utterly without the rostrum tricks and manner. In short, he has a disconcerting simplicity. Nothing, his countryman, Emerson, has said, astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing, and in this lies all the virtue of Dr. Wilson—in this and in a certain fearlessness that is rare in American politics. The fear of an idea is not of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's failings, and that is why he is Governor of New Jersey to-day and why he will probably be President of the United States next November.

We need not recount here his early years as student, lawyer, and teacher prior to his accession to the presidency of Princeton University. Barring two years of law practice at Atlanta, Georgia, he has been a teacher virtually all his life. Jurisprudence and political science were his subjects, and he has produced many scholarly works on history and politics. If knowledge of history be an aid to statesmanship, Dr. Wilson should come into the White House brilliantly equipped. It certainly played a part in his election as president of Princeton in 1902, and his success there was undoubted.

He was not a popular president with the undergraduates. Opposition to ideas exists even in universities, and from the students' point of view Dr. Wilson had too many. One, undoubtedly novel, was to introduce the "tutorial system", as it is called at Princeton. That is to say, so far as is possible in an American college, he established the system of Oxford and Cambridge. The normal American system is like that of Scotland and Germany, plus parietal regulations. Upon this Dr. Wilson was the first to attempt to graft the English method. It was a bold experiment for America, but the ex-president of Princeton is not afraid of bold experiments. It was bolder still to become a candidate for the Governorship in one of the most boss-encrusted States in the Union, and to resign the presidency of the university upon very doubtful prospects.

His campaign in New Jersey was a model of those

Emersonian traits of plain dealing and common sense. He came to the factory hands, the farmers, the shopkeepers—this tall, smooth-faced, rather lantern-jawed professor—and with a smile on his lips, in simple, excellent English, with an unexpected lack of rhetoric, asked them to vote for him if they wished to do so; assuring them, however, that the golden age was still remote. He meant, he told them, to give New Jersey an honest, reputable government, such as a sovereign State need not be ashamed of. But he could not promise them a miracle. They elected him joyfully, and very soon the Democratic machine in New Jersey and Governor Wilson fell out. It seemed as though his State would throw him over; but he did not care. For a pacific man, a scholar accustomed to the peace of libraries, he is amazingly fond of a good fight. Certain supporters whose support was unwelcome to him because of their affiliations, he calmly requested to withdraw that "support". It was another example of plain dealing.

In more than one respect Dr. Wilson and Mr. Taft resemble each other. Both have been lawyers and teachers, and both have held high administrative positions. Mr. Taft is perhaps more the lawyer and Dr. Wilson the scholar and statesman; but both are men of honesty and character, and socially genial. As a Virginian by birth, Dr. Wilson will doubtless cause the "solid South" to be more than ever solid with its vote. Thus far the only campaign arguments against him are that he is a teacher and that he would wish to regulate the wholesale immigration of undesirable aliens from Southern Europe into the United States—arguments scarcely likely to damage him much. Should he be elected, he will bring back to the Presidency the type that has not sat in the White House since the days of the Adamses and of Thomas Jefferson—men of wit and learning, as well as capacity. And though Dr. Wilson is doubtless a Radical, nevertheless his Radicalism is of the constructive sort, that looks before leaping, studying conditions and needs, without haste or fury.

UNIVERSITIES AND THE STATE.

"CONGRESS of the Universities of the Empire"! The mind rather jibs at such a proposition and our first instinct was to turn up once more a certain commentary upon Wordsworth's lines in the "Excursion":

"Oh for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey".

"One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; . . . and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!" So far Matthew Arnold, and irony of his sort is the necessary personal corrective for all indulgences in rhetoric and flag-wagging, but if we admit that, men being what they are, gatherings and speeches and even sentiment are business propositions, then Lord Rosebery took the best means of rendering the purpose and value of the Congress known to the public when in his speech of welcome he claimed that the chief function of a University was the production of men for the public service. Fundamentally of course the University exists as the home of pure knowledge—to be stored, made available and added to for its own sake, the nature of the knowledge provided for being sufficiently determined by the existence of any intellectual curiosity concerning it. Yet practically if indirectly the University exists as a place of instruction

for the rank and file of the men who have to run the State, whether as salaried officers or as captains of private industry. Naturally enough Lord Rosebery reminded the Congress that until recent times Scotland in her poverty maintained four Universities while England was contented with two; he might have gone a step further and pointed out how much more effective those Universities had rendered the people among whom they have been at work. If we consider the sparse population of the district which has provided the University of Aberdeen we shall find that it has given a quite disproportionate number of more or less distinguished men to the public service, and the exciting factor has been the accessibility of a University education. The mind of the average youth wants kindling, he needs to be encouraged to make much of himself, he has in fact to be induced to make an entry for the race of life, and in the University he learns what races exist and what handicap he is likely to have. Consider the deadness of life in our provincial towns; places like Croydon or Cheltenham possess as large a population and as much wealth as Periclean Athens or Mediæval Florence; what enduring output have they to show for it? We do not for a moment believe that there has been any deterioration of intellect and capacity; on the contrary the usual parrot-cry is of progress with the ascending ages; the real truth probably being that human nature is so nearly unchanging and unchangeable that a trifle of ten or twenty centuries induces no perceptible difference, yet here are these men and cities with nothing to show for their existence! Of this nature is the great problem of our age; during the last century we have grown heedlessly, recklessly, enormously, content merely to increase without taking the least care of the method or quality of the increase; now the expansion is over or slowing down, and we have to assimilate and civilise the neglected horde. Look at the population that throngs the streets of a big manufacturing town on Sunday evening. It is at least a fair presumption that every one of these might be in vastly happier case, if only the community had grown up quietly and organically. Of course civilisation is a slow process, and it may be argued that mere education can do little towards it. However the vital feature of a real University training is that it assimilates a man while it teaches him, and can turn him out both humane and learned. Experience has shown no other method, so it is to education we look to make us a united people again instead of a group of warring interests.

This Congress of the Universities comes at rather an opportune moment, if only because of the activities of one party in the State, which is aiming at destroying the connexion between the Universities and the Civil Service. It was, of course, the "Holmes" circular which precipitated the attack, that terrible document which dared to state that the Board of Education ought to believe in its own wares and appoint educated men for its inspectors. Curiously enough, among all the official explanations and defences and retractions that followed the publication of the notorious circular, no one had the courage to take up this simple justification of the Board's attitude towards higher education, with the result that we have now a Commission on the Civil Service sitting at the instance of men desiring the whole of our public offices to be staffed by men who have not been to a University and have ceased their formal education at about sixteen. What good, they ask, is a knowledge of Greek or Latin, Philosophy or Mathematics, to men who have to conduct public business of a practical and unacademic nature? And the answer, of course, is that these subjects as such are of no value to anyone, but that the habit of mind engendered by their study gives a power of judgment and insight that are indispensable as soon as the domain of mere routine is passed. Of course a highly educated man may be for practical purposes little better than a fool, though such specialists are rarer than people are apt to suppose, but on the average and working with good ordinary human material the four formative

years of a University course, the time for thought, the contact with abstract speculation, the friction with other minds, do make the difference between a first-class and a second-class test for the State. In saying this we are making no assumptions as to origin in a chosen governing class or the social status of the men who thus go through the University course; at the present time the Universities, old and new, are accessible to men of every grade, and the poorest boy with the right stuff in him becomes assimilated and able to start on the new plane by the time he reaches the end of the course. All we claim is the value of the University course in itself; and, indeed, if it were decided to staff the Civil Service with second division clerks selected at sixteen it would soon be found necessary to pick out the most promising and give them a University training in order to provide a picked class for the higher posts. It is curious that this attack upon the value of a University training for public service should coincide with a time when such great efforts are being made to extend our University system and spread its net wider, a time too when the great business firms which have hitherto rather sniffed at University men are beginning to recruit among them for their managerial posts, a method in which they were anticipated by the ultra-practical Americans. Our two older English Universities have always trained rather for life than for learning, have recognised that the value and efficiency of a man is measured by something more than his knowledge, and it has been the unconscious cultivation of this ideal that has made Oxford and Cambridge factors in the national life to a degree unparalleled in any other country, though in most States the Universities as such are held in much higher esteem than with us. And it is their detachment from material and temporary interests, their free play of the mind upon matters of the mind, their non-professional and non-technical view of learning, that the newer Universities will have to learn from Oxford and Cambridge. You cannot justify education, even technical education, to the individual on the basis of pounds, shillings, and pence only, because he soon sees that mere selfishness will pay him better than learning, therefore the less a University claims a selfish cash justification, the more enduring its influence and the wider its appeal to the democracy of to-day.

THE CITY.

THIS has been the quietest week that the Stock Exchange has experienced for many months. Even the regular flow of investment orders, which as a rule continues no matter what the condition of the markets may be, seems to have dried up. The stagnation is largely attributed to the fixed scale of commissions. Formerly when business was dull the old agitation for regulating brokerage charges was always revived. Now members of the "House" appear equally anxious to revert to the old order of things, or, at any rate, to make the rules more flexible. It has to be admitted that the rules now in force are a serious impediment to speculation on the part of professional operators who made a practice of dealing regularly in large lines of stock for fractional profits. This applies especially to the semi-professional speculators who, while engaged in other business, keep a close eye on the markets and generally had several accounts open with brokers. Owing to the continuity and volume of their transactions such speculators were permitted to deal at low rates of commission, and the compulsory higher scale may turn what formerly would have been a profit into a loss. Consequently such transactions have been suspended.

This, however, does not wholly explain the dullness of the markets. The general public is scarcely affected by the new rules, because the fixed scale varies very little from the rates formerly charged for ordinary business. The chief internal causes of the stagnation on the Stock Exchange are the congestion in the investment markets, due to the recent heavy outflow of new capital issues, and the natural reaction in the speculative departments after the recent excitement.

Underwriters of new issues have been saddled with very large amounts of stock which have yet to find a permanent home, and underwriting engagements have necessitated the sale of other securities.

In the circumstances the markets have been remarkably firm, owing mainly to bear covering. As regards Consols, however, Mr. Lloyd George's references to legislation affecting the land induced a renewal of the selling which had previously been stopped by his action in regard to the Sinking Fund. The buying of Home Rails does not represent any change in the position of the companies, although the traffic returns published this week were satisfactory. Speculators who had sold in anticipation of reduced dividends took advantage of the dullness to secure profits. Metro-politans have hardened on the understanding that the company has recently been placing a considerable amount of new stock in the market and that the immediate requirements of the company have been satisfied.

A comparatively small demand for Canadian Pacifics has again lifted the quotation. The company's statement for May showed an expansion of \$736,000 in net earnings, and the traffic return for the last ten days of June gave an increase of \$446,000, bringing the aggregate gross increase for the year up to \$18,687,000. The Grand Trunk revenue statement for May was rather disappointing, the net gain being £22,850. The gross receipts for the final ten days of last month showed a decline of £15,726, the period having one working day less than last year, and in this case the aggregate gain for the six months is £274,192. Some talk about dividend prospects has depressed quotations, but there is no doubt that the Second Preference stock will receive its full amount. The receipts from the Hudson's Bay Company's land sales during the last quarter were £354,100, as compared with £109,300 in the corresponding period of last year; while the actual sales effected amounted to £1,025,900 against £67,000. The remarkable increase is chiefly due to the opening up of the Edmonton reserve.

Business in Americans has been interrupted by the Fourth of July holiday. Wall Street seems hardly able to make up its mind as to the probable effect of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's nomination as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but it is thought that the technical condition of the market favours an upward movement. Among Foreign Rails Mexican securities no sooner recover from the effects of the political disruption than news comes of serious floods; but as far as the Vera Cruz line is concerned attention has been devoted more to dividend prospects for the last half-year, it being thought that a distribution at the rate of 3½ per cent. should be made on the Ordinary stock. Entre Rios Ordinary has declined sharply on the report that the interests who have been buying for control have completed their purchases, and Argentine North-Easterns have also slipped back. Brazil issues continue to advance and Leopoldinas have advanced on the improvement in current earnings.

The Rubber share market has become livelier and distinctly better now that the synthetic scare has passed. Fluctuations in a few Oil shares have been due mainly to light professional operations. Among Mines Consolidated Goldfields were depressed by unfavourable dividend rumours, but support from Paris caused a recovery, and Nigerian Tins, after being weak, were strengthened by bear repurchases induced by reports as to the oversold condition of the market.

The Sena Sugar Factory, Limited, of which Mr. Arthur Nevile Lubbock is chairman, is making an issue of 16,000 7 per cent. preference shares of £10 each. Applications for 5237 have been received and allotted. Profits of the estate are shown by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co. to have increased from £20,000 in 1910 to £90,000 in 1911. Last year therefore they were sufficient to cover the dividend on the present issue eight times. There are Debentures for £180,000, which will be gradually redeemed, and the issue now made is for the purpose of adjusting capital account, rendered necessary by recent developments of the business.

ENGLAND AND THE SAGES.

By G. S. STREET.

IT is to be hoped that dear old England, in a time of a somewhat remarkable dearth of practical and efficient wisdom and courage among her directing and managing sons, takes comfort from the number and eloquence of her sages and prophets. I have no pretension to be of their company, but having observed and thought about the subject of their late discourses for many years I hope I may say a word or two of comment without arrogance, and even make a suggestion or so of my own. After all, the extent of one's audience is not determined by oneself.

Mr. H. G. Wells is in the foreground. Superfluous to compliment him on his earnestness and lucidity. He has been a valuable stimulus to thought ever since he began to write on social subjects, in treatises and novels, and not the less so that he has had the courage to modify or change his views (at least in regard to tendencies) with the development of his mind and of the world as he sees it. In the present case I wish he had given more attention to our immediate problem and less to schemes or suggestions of a remote improvement, interesting though these are. And less to exhortation. To exhort the well-to-do to be alive to their responsibilities is very well, but the effect of preaching to a class is very slow. You may influence individual people, as I believe the Agenda Club does with great practical efficiency, but when you preach to a class each man looks to his fellows to begin. I liked the exhortation for itself, because it shows that Mr. Wells has at last reached that Tory Socialism I have believed in for twenty years as the right and logical development of historic Toryism. But I see little chance of its emerging from our present sink of political futilities, and it is a time for close grips. Mr. Wells wishes us to confer together as a nation and produce a "national plan". Suppose we did, and wrote Plato's "Republic" over again, more scientifically; would the result be anything more than a slow literary influence? Do human societies ever move so, by rule and precept? Kings are no nearer being philosophers, or philosophers kings, than in Plato's time. Mr. Wells' remoter suggestions, as that we should find out what are the years of maximum efficiency in a man's life, work him hard during those years and keep him in leisure for the rest of his life, or as that there should be a national conscription for manual toil (Professor James' idea) seem to me rather light-heartedly thrown out. The revolution would be tremendous, stupendous. All other revolutions in history have been child's play to this. Start a fresh community of a few thousands and it might be done, but could an old civilisation in an old country ever get a start for such a change? . . . As a remote suggestion for the better diffusion of wealth and leisure, all that appears to my own vision as at any time practicable is such a limited form of State Socialism as would prevent mere money from making money. Absurd to give everybody the same; unwise to remove inducements to effort; right that A, who can only move luggage about, should have only, say, two pounds a week and that B, who can write books like Mr. Wells', several thousand a year. Right that one who invents something valuable to the community should make his £10,000 or even his £100,000. But wrong, quite wrong and ridiculous, that from that £10,000 £400 should be paid to his heirs for ever, for nothing. That is not needed as a stimulus to effort, and the way to stop it is for the State to run what now is run on borrowed capital. But that is a long way off. We are not encouraged at present to trust much to the State. I have wondered if Mr. Samuel has designed the maddening delays and incredible incompetence of the telephone service as a warning against State Socialism. Those guileful politicians!

Mr. Wells' less remote remedies are "a real and earnest co-partnership" and proportional representation. The first is hopeful enough and has been tried with success, as we have been reminded by Lord Grey and

others, but we must remember that workmen as well as employers have to be educated to it. At present they are suspicious, fearing uncertainty, responsibility, or disloyalty to their unions: Mr. Wells might say a word in season to them also. As for proportional representation, I wonder if it would be strong enough to break "the machine" and remove from our shoulders the dingy oligarchy which now rules us—surely the oddest in history. If it would be strong enough, then surely even now the oligarchy could be unseated by an enlightened electorate declining its nominees and voting for really representative men. But that also is in the more or less remote future, and we are faced by the necessity of something to be done now.

For the case is urgent. Since Mr. Wells' first articles there has been another strike, and we are promised a bigger one in the autumn. What is to be done? Here I go back to Mr. Wells' analysis. It lacks precision in one matter of great importance. The solution might be easier if he was right in speaking as though there were on the one side a great body of manual workers and on the other, simply, a small body of masters, owners of plant and so forth, who are the ruling class—"the busy and preoccupied owning class". But that is not the true economic position. An enormous amount of industrial capital is provided by people who know nothing about the business in question, by incapable people, widows and so forth, by people engaged in other occupations, professional men, by able-bodied idlers. It is an obvious and elementary consideration, but it is often ignored. So Mr. Walter Sichel, in the "Fortnightly Review", used the old phrase of "the brains and energy and skill of capital". Brains and energy and skill frequently amass capital, and born capitalists sometimes possess them, but in the main capital hires its brains as it hires its muscles. The really directing and controlling man may be a capitalist, but he is more often a man at a salary, though a large one, and his control does not extend to sacrificing his employers' dividends to the public interest. . . . A second criticism I suggest of Mr. Wells' analysis is that he makes too much of the workmen's resentment of rich people's pleasures and luxuries. He thinks of the workman as a well-read, thoughtful, refined person who is shocked by the vulgarity of those pleasures and luxuries. No doubt the workman is often all that. But we English are well mixed up and much of a muchness, and I believe the workmen in general look on the luxuries now brought so close to their eyes with envy sometimes, but generally with sympathy: "Lucky beggars, wish I was there". And there is the bitter effect of all that superficially inspired, heartless, fussy Puritan legislation the poor have been afflicted withal, interfered with in their drink and their betting and heaven knows what, well aware all the while that the rich may drink and bet as they please. In so far as the workman does resent the luxuries of the rich, it is largely because his own pleasures have been stupidly and heartlessly taken from him.

But whatever the justice of this or that analysis we have this great body of discontent, which must be dealt with now. Dr. Shadwell thinks that better conditions of life have created an appetite for more. But surely they are sometimes bad enough. When men ask for sixty hours a week, or ten hours a working day, they seem moderate enough to a non-expert. Good heavens! How many of the workers in the well-to-do classes work anything like that? One feels ashamed. But again, whether the discontent be justified or not, there it is, and we shall have strike after strike till it is there no more. Eventually we shall have chaos, or at least be reduced to a weakness which will be another country's opportunity. Surely, pending the Better State and the National Plan, and all that, it would be possible to make a general regulation which should ordain minimum wages and maximum hours per week in different occupations, not slap-dash and inconveniently, as in the miners' Eight Hours Act, but with due regard to opportunities and necessities? I know the objection. Given the minimum and the maximum

it will no longer pay capital to invest in certain trades and the workers will be thrown out. Well, if a trade is worth keeping, the wages of its workers must be worth earning. The deduction is simple. You must protect the trade that is worth keeping. While you have a capitalistic system at all, if you protect labour against competition, you must protect industries also. I wonder if Mr. Wells is Tory-Socialist enough now to agree with that? It has to be done.

HANDEL AND OTHERS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

UP till now the Handel Festival has arrived duly every three years or thereabouts; and the English people have come to regard it as an institution sacrosanct—like the meeting of Parliament or the bricklayers' union. Up till now, I say; but at last the habit seems likely to perish, for the German composer who is the glory of English music no longer draws. As long as he was a draw the directors of the Crystal Palace were willing enough to set up this sort of triennial monument to his memory; now that he draws no longer the directors of the Crystal Palace are willing that his memory shall fade; and it seems they are determined that, so far as they are concerned, his memory shall fade. A few thousands of musicians in this country and in others may continue to regard his music as the most glorious emanation of the human spirit that ever consoled minor spirits; but at the Crystal Palace he will no longer be celebrated. So be it. Handel Festivals have been a curse to music in this country; and it is a good thing that the mightiest composer ever born into the world should be allowed here, as in every other country in the world, to stand for himself. The Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace and everywhere else—for all the provincial festivals were only Handel festivals—have wrought nothing but mischief. Yet, while Handel was being worked to death, Handel was not being worked to death. He stands, as he has stood for centuries, as the greatest and grandest of composers; there is none to match him, none to equal him. At the Crystal Palace eighty thousand people assembled to greet him; and in this country eighty thousand people is a large number—a large number to look after a composer. The truth is that no one cares about the people who look after composers. The air is full of them at the present time—and who cares about them? No one does.

The fact of the matter is that the greatest composer who has ever lived has been to England the greatest curse, as I have just said. He ruined Purcell's chances of fame, and he has ruined the chances of fame of every English composer since Purcell's time. Since that time one has had to be a foreigner to have a chance in this country. Mr. Holbrooke's opera is produced at Hammerstein's theatre, and only a few people go to see it; years ago MacCunn's operas were played at Covent Garden, and only a few souls went to see them. Now a new operetta by someone or another, a foreigner, is played at Covent Garden the other night, and though the house was almost full, the critics bemoaned its emptiness. Of course it must be remembered that these critics of the daily Press are often translators of foreign libretti: hence, no doubt, just what the reader will guess. Nearly the whole daily Press of London is in the hands of critics whose interests lie in seeing foreign operas produced in London. No doubt they are tariff reformers to a man; but whether they would put a tax on the operas they translate is quite another matter. On the whole they seem to be a kind of inverted tariff reformers; they would tax only home-made goods.

We have within one week the most piquant contrast conceivable—at the Crystal Palace these old-world oratorios of Handel; at the London Opera House Mr. Holbrooke's "Children of Don"; at Covent Garden this new opera by goodness-knows-whom, someone of whom nothing is known save that he is not an

Englishman. Of course Mr. Holbrooke has fared worst. Perhaps Handel has not come out very well, but, after all, Handel was born a foreigner, and that is the main thing. But let us consider his case for a few minutes. Here is a giant pagan writer of pagan music; nothing less religious than his music has ever been written; he stands as far away from the early devotional composers, Palestrina and Byrde for example, as he does from Mozart and Beethoven; there is not in all his music a touch of religiosity. Further, his works were intended to be given by a band and chorus of fifty all told. At the Crystal Palace they take these works, have them sung and played by heaven knows how many thousand singers and players; they do them in the spirit of a nonconformist penny-reading. So there we had the old world speaking through new-world minds and throats. It was not exhilarating: a Crystal Palace festival never is exhilarating. The place is far too big; the chorus is far too big; the band and organ are a hundred times too big. Handel's music loses its glorious majesty, energy and colour; it sounds little better than Mendelssohn's; in fact when I heard "S. Paul" there some years ago I began to wonder whether Mendelssohn were not a greater composer than Handel. But owing to the religious sentiment Handel has kept his grip on the festival-going public until the festivals have killed the sentiment. "The Messiah" is a stock piece there; but what is "The Messiah" without the great shocks of "For unto us a child is born" and the "Hallelujah"? "Worthy is the Lamb" and the "Amen" lose all their splendour. The grandest music ever written goes for nothing in that huge auditorium: that music was intended to be sung by a few trained voices, and it is sung by some thousands of quarter-trained voices. The orchestra is beyond praising: such players cannot be gathered together in any other city in the world. I suppose all our bandmen would be off to the Continent to-morrow if only the Continent could pay them.

We will turn from Handel, our great alien musician, to Holbrooke, who, if not by any means so great a musician, is at any rate a very serious one, and has never yet had the chances Handel had—after his death. It seems to me that the best thing Holbrooke can do, in his own interest, is to die. He has written an opera, which I cannot call a good opera, and it has been received by the Press as a mere piece of dirty academic pay-the-way work. It is not. "The Children of Don" is a very great work. For a hundred years no English opera has been written to equal it. Mr. Hammerstein had the pluck to produce it—backed, of course, by the purse of Lord Howard de Walden—but still he produced it. What has Covent Garden been doing all the time? If Lord Howard's purse is fat, are there not fat purses at Covent Garden? But Lord Ripon, Lady Ripon, Mr. Harry Higgins, Mr. Neil Forsyth, Mr. Percy Pitt and the rest will do nothing to encourage English opera. The poor mad King of Bavaria put down his last farthing to help Wagner; these rich English folk only put down theirs to encourage Russian ballet-dancers.

A few words must be added to what I said in my last article about Holbrooke's score. It is the finest ever written by an Englishman. It is not of the theatre: that Holbrooke must realise for himself. But, as music, it can stand, and when Holbrooke has gone through the experiences Wagner did he will be able—not to become an English Wagner, because Wagners, Shakespeares, Sophocles and the rest only come once in a long time—but he will be able to write some very great dramatic music.

AN ADVENTURE.

I.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IF you are at all given to idling about docks and harbours you cannot fail to come upon adventures of some kind, whether in the form of comedies and tragedies enacted complete before your eyes, or of some

odd threads and loose ends of the story that begins there among the coal-dust and grimy water, and perhaps ends far away in blazing sunshine by the shores of some volcanic island of the Tropics. Such places are rich in traces of sea-dramas; of ships that were signalled inwards bearing high hopes and representing small fortunes invested; ships that lay awhile at the quays while the hopes and the money ebbed together; ships that sailed away again, taking with them their freight of hopes, and leaving only lessons in their wake. The story of Mr. Wentworth Briggs, which I chanced upon when I was wandering one afternoon about the docks at Manchester, is just one of these; beginning there under the pall of smoke, amid the forest of chimneys, by the dark sad lines of warehouses and factories, surrounded by all the dirt and all the litter and all the horrible ugly confusion that is the by-product of great commerce in material; and ending one knows not in what, but probably in the mean ironic laughter of the very minor gods who were told off from Olympus to attend to it. You must begin by getting Mr. Wentworth Briggs fairly and solidly into your vision as he appeared to me in that first hour of our encounter—a stoutish man of medium height and some five-and-fifty years of age, with a round high forehead, kind, weak eyes with little wrinkled pouches under them, an ample beard of a dusty hue between brown and grey; with large soft hands set off by very clean, round detachable cuffs, and a general air of being at once busy, benevolent and managing, as though he were conducting a church meeting or a children's party.

He was pacing the deck of a steamer when I first caught sight of him; and the steamer is the second person in the drama. She was a long, smart-looking paddle-boat of a type now obsolete, of about fifteen hundred tons burthen, with raking masts and funnels, a great flying bridge spanning the paddle-boxes, and long deck-houses of varnished teak adorned with much nickel-plated metal work that wrote "Passenger" all over her. The contrast between her and the great square, cow-nosed tanks that generally adorn the Manchester docks, and are themselves little more than moving warehouses, was sufficiently sharp to attract my attention, and presently to direct it to the busy, solitary figure pacing up and down the after-deck. The wind sang in his grey beard and blew it about his cheeks, his kindly grey eyes rested lovingly on the polished deck-fittings, and at intervals he pulled out a note-book and appeared to be making calculations. It was a Saturday afternoon; the dock side was almost deserted; and seeing me standing and looking at him and his ship, he greeted me with an odd mixture of geniality and anxiety. He seemed to be labouring with excitement and importance, and to be badly in need of someone to talk to. He insisted on my coming on board; my curiosity pleased him; and presently we were seated on the saloon skylight, and he was pouring out his tale of hope.

We had not been half an hour together before I knew much of his personal and family history; how he had been part owner in a timber yard and built small wooden vessels, but had now retired with a modest fortune; how he had bought a small villa at Broadstairs, where he brought up his children and watched the ships of his building pass by at sea. And then his voice dropped to the low, almost religious tone in which the sanguine man speaks of commercial speculation.

"I came across a good thing, sir; I venture to say a very good thing. Needs money of course and risk—but then what doesn't nowadays? I don't mind telling you that I have put not only every penny of my own capital into this venture, but some that I borrowed as well. That will show you what I think of it. Eh?" And he beamed at me genially, but with just a suggestion of questioning anxiety in the tail of his eye. My romantic sense smelled adventure in the air.

He had bought this steamer, the "Princess Royal", it appeared, from the Great Eastern Railway Company, for a sum which he described as a song, but which I should call an oratorio. His scheme was to run her

between Manchester and Ireland with passengers and cargo, and in the summer-time, between trips, to send her for week-end cruises in the Channel; a company was to be floated to buy the ship for this purpose, Mr. Briggs retaining an interest as managing director.

"I don't mind telling you", he said more gravely, "that I am deeper in this than I meant to be." He continued with a kind of reverend gusto. "I have had misfortunes at the very start; Providence leads us by strange ways and by paths that we know not, and drives us with sharp instruments. Instruments—ah! what strange instruments Providence employs! I met a sea-captain who told me how much money was being made in connexion with the Ship Canal, and he induced me to buy this ship; he said he had several wealthy friends in Salford who would be glad to put money into the concern. I took his advice; I gave him the post of captain and brought him here; and when I asked him where his rich friends were he laughed at me; believe me, sir, he laughed in my face!" And I almost think that there were tears in Mr. Briggs' own eyes at the remembrance of this perfidy. "I relied wholly upon him; but he would do nothing, and he used to go away and stay away from the ship for days together; and I fear that he was not strictly temperate. Well, sir, I realised that something had to be done. I put my foot down; I gave the matter consideration and prayer; and I felt that there was a leading in this, and that it was meant that I should take the whole burden on my own shoulders. And the moment I had come to that decision light seemed to break all round me. I was helped; I found friends—not with money, it is true, but with stout hearts and strong hands and most wonderfully willing to advise me and help me with their experience. And I mean to go through with it!"

He uttered this last sentence in a loud trembling voice, and an expression on his face that made me think of nothing so much as a timid lamb trying to nerve itself to jump over a puddle after its mother. Many other things he told me with a winning and engaging frankness; that he was a life abstainer, and the superintendent of a Sunday school; that his ship would hold five hundred pigs and three hundred cows; that three hundred passengers at ten shillings a head represented one hundred and fifty pounds; that the profits on the amount of food they would eat during three days at sea ("appetites sharpened by the sea breezes" was an expression that constantly recurred as he looked out over the dirty landscape) represented another one hundred and fifty pounds; and that fifty times three hundred pounds was fifteen hundred pounds a year. "And that as a mere extra you see—exclusive of our regular cargo service." And he told me that he had bought a new service of saloon plate. "Oh, everything is complete I can assure you", he said.

I found my heart sinking as this sanguine narration proceeded. There was something about the man that won your sympathy, and forced you willy-nilly into a kind of spiritual partnership with him while he talked. I found myself plunged with him into calculations of ways and means, discussing the prices of coal and stores, of which I knew nothing, and generally giving advice, I fear, where I had better have taken some instruction. I can only say that my advice was always on the negative and repressive side. It seemed that a crop of troubles was already sprouting. Mr. Briggs was ignorant of managing ships, and knew it; what was much worse, the scratch lot of officers knew it. Even while we were speaking a man came from the engine-room with an indent of stores, the total cost of which was stated at forty-seven pounds. He was catechised by Briggs with a transparent show of shrewdness through which his ignorance shone like the sun. The man smiled insolently.

"Just as you like, sir, but if we don't re-bush that port big-end there'll be a big bill for repairs, and you can't very well work a donkey-boiler without a pressure gauge." And as Briggs absurdly fastened on an item of a hundred gallons of heavy oil the man smiled indulgently and said, "Ah well, sir, you will find oil is cheaper than new bushes and brasses."

At the words bushes and brasses Mr. Briggs' brow furrowed helplessly; but his was the kind of mind that could always be convinced by things it had not comprehended. And he signed. A similar performance was presently gone through with the chief steward. Again there was an ignorant and futile cross-examination and again the order was signed.

"It's pay, pay, pay", he said, "first one thing and then another—one is besieged on every side. I am anxious to be just and to do what is right, but I fear this staying in port will prove very expensive, and I shall be glad to get to sea. We sail (D.V. and if we can get a captain) next Saturday week, but there is much to be done, much to be done."

Here were some of the thorns in my new friend's bunch of roses.

IN A GREEN LAND.

II.

By W. H. HUDSON.

GOING further into Hampshire I was by and by at a spot which cannot be named owing to the fact that I was there in quest of a rare and elusive little bird. For we who desire to save our birds must keep the private collector in mind; that injurious person who is ever anxious to secure the very last British-killed specimens of any rare species. And should a species be near its end—in other words, should it be rare—then, says the leader and lawgiver of all this rapacious gang, our right and proper course is to finish it off as quickly as may be, seeing that by so doing we furnish our cabinets with a large number of specimens for the benefit of science and of posterity. The law does not protect our birds and country from these robbers; they have too many respected representatives in high places, on the benches of magistrates, in the Houses of Parliament, and among important people generally. For are they not robbers of the very worst description? Those who break into our houses to steal our gold steal trash in comparison. These, who are never sent to Portland or Dartmoor, are depriving the country with its millions of inhabitants of one of its best possessions—its lustrous wild life.

Here I came to a village which happened to be one of the very few, certainly not above half a dozen, in all that county never previously visited by me; and as it was within easy distance of the spot I had come to explore I had some idea of settling in it for a few days. I had long known it by name, and it had furthermore been minutely and lovingly described to me by an old soldier, decorated with many medals, who is now a keeper in one of the Royal parks. One day last spring he showed me a blackbird's nest in which he took a somewhat anxious interest on account of its unsafe position on a wart or projection on the trunk of a Spanish chestnut tree, a few feet from the ground and plainly visible to mischievous eyes. Our talk about this careless blackbird and other birds led to his telling me of his boyhood in a small out-of-the-world Hampshire village, and I asked him how, with such a feeling as he had revealed about his native place, he had been able to spend his life away from it, and why he did not go back there now? That, he answered, was his desire and intention, not only since he had begun to grow old, but he had cherished the idea even when he was a young man and in his prime, in India, Burma, Afghanistan, Egypt. Now at last the time seemed near when his desire would be fulfilled; two years more in the park would enable him to retire with a small pension, which, added to his soldier's pension, would enable him to pass the remnant of his life in his native village.

I thought of him now, the tall straight old soldier, with his fine stern face and grey moustache and hair, who had spent his years in defending the Empire in many distant lands, and was now anxiously guarding a blackbird's nest in a park from the wild, lawless little Afghans and Soudanese of the London slums. It was nice to think of him here where he would soon be back in his boyhood's haunts, as I sat on the trunk of a

sloping tree by the stream, a stone's throw from the churchyard. I was practically in the village, yet not a sound could be heard but the faint whisper of the wind in the trees near me and the ripple and gurgling of the water at my feet. Then came another sound—the sudden loud sharp note of alarm or challenge of a moorhen a few yards away. There she stood on the edge of the clear water, in a green flowery bed of water-mint and forget-me-not, with a thicket of tall grasses and comfrey behind her, the shapely black head with its brilliant orange and scarlet ornaments visible above the herbage. We watched each other, and it was indeed peaceful at that spot, where nature and man lived in such a close companionship, and very sweet to be there; nevertheless, it did not suit me to stay in that village. Its charm consisted mainly in its seclusion, in its being hidden from the world in a hollow among woods and hills, and I love open spaces best, wide prospects from doors and windows, and the winds free to blow on me from all quarters. Accordingly, I went to another village, a mile and a half away, where it was more open, and settled there in a cottage with working people—man and wife and one child, a little boy of eleven.

My usual good luck attended me in this place, for seldom have I stayed with people I liked better. The wife was intelligent enough to let me live just as I liked without any fuss, so that I could get up at four o'clock in the morning when they were still sleeping to make tea for myself in the kitchen before going out, and come in when I liked and have what I liked in the way of food. The man, too, was a perfect host; his good qualities and cleverness in his work had raised him to a better position than that of most working-men. He was actually earning about three pounds a week, but prosperity had not spoiled him; he might have been making no more than fifteen or eighteen shillings like others of his class in the village. His manner was singularly engaging, and he was quiet and gentle in the house. One might have thought that he had been subdued by his wife—that she was the ruling spirit; but it was not so: when they were together, and when they sat at table, where I sometimes sat with them, she tuned herself to him and talked with a gentle cheerfulness, watching his face and hanging on his words. Their manner was so unlike that of most persons in their state of life that it was a puzzle to me, and I might have guessed the secret of it from a peculiar pathos in his voice and the inward-gazing dreamy expression in his eyes which haunted me; but I guessed nothing, and only learnt it just before quitting the village.

Then there was the boy, who in the house was just as still, gentle, and low-voiced as his father; a boy who disliked his books and crawled reluctantly to school and took no part in games, but who had an intense love of the wild, a desire to be always out of doors by himself, following and watching the birds.

I was like that myself at his age, but was more happily placed, having no school to crawl to nor miserable books to pore on.

One day, just before leaving, I came in to my six o'clock meal, after a long spell on the heath, to find my landlady as usual ready and even eager to listen to anything I had to tell her. For she, too, at home in her cottage, had been alone all day, except for a few minutes when her boy came in at noon to swallow his dinner and run off to the nearest wood or heath to get as much time as possible there before the clanging of the school-bell called him in again. Now everything I ever told her about my rambles on the heath had appeared to interest her in an extraordinary way. She would listen to an account of where I had been, to which old ditch or barrow, or holly clump, also what birds I had found there, and to the most trivial incidents, as if to some wonderful tale of adventure; she would listen in silence until I ended, when she would ask a dozen questions to take me all over the ground again and keep up the talk about the heath. On this occasion she said more, telling me that the heath had been very much to her; then little by little she let out the whole story concerning her feeling for it. It was

the story of her life from the time of her marriage up to little over a year ago, when her two children were aged nine and six respectively. For there were two children then, and they lived in a cottage at the side of a pine and oak wood on the border of the heath. Her husband was fond of birds and of all wild animals; he knew them well, and in time she, too, grew to like them just as much. She loved best to hear their songs and calls; bird-voices were always to be heard, day and night, all the year round. You couldn't but hear them, even the faintest note of the tiniest bird, it was so silent at that spot where there was no road and no house near. Her solace and one pleasure outside the house was in their singing. She was very much alone there; she read little and never heard any music—one would have to go miles to hear a piano; so the songs of birds came to be the sweetest sounds on earth for her, especially the blackbird, which was more to her than any other bird. When she first came to live in the village she could hardly endure the noises—so many cocks crowing, children shouting, people talking, carts rattling by and all kinds of noises! It made her head ache at first. Then at night, how they missed the night birds' sounds—the hooting of the wood owls, especially in winter, and in summer the reeling of nightjars, and the cornerake and the nightingale.

Thus for half an hour the poor woman talked and talked about her old life on the heath, laughing a little now and then at her own feelings—the absurdity of her home-sickness when she was so near the old spot—but always with a little break in her voice, avoiding all the time the one subject uppermost in her mind, the one I was waiting for her to come to. And in the end she had to come to it, and after putting her hand up to hide the tears that could not be kept back, she was relieved, and began to speak freely of the lost child. Violet was her name, and everyone who knew her said that no fitter name could have been given her, she was so beautiful, so like a flower, with eyes that were like violets. And she had the greatest love of flowers for a small child. Nobody had seen anything like it. Dolls and toys she didn't care for—she was all for flowers. As for sense, she had as much of it as any grown-up person when she was no more than five. She was a most loving little thing, but cared most for her father, and every evening when he came home she would fly to meet him, and would sit on his knee till bedtime. What talks those two had! Now the most curious thing remains to tell, and this was about both the children—the way in which they would spend most of their time. At that distance from the village the boy was allowed, after a good deal of bother about it, to learn his letters at home. If the weather was fine, those two would be up and have breakfast very early, then, taking their dinner in a little basket, would go to the heath, and she would see no more of them till about five o'clock in the afternoon. The boy was always fondest of birds and animals, like his father, and was happy following and watching them all day long. The girl loved the flowers best, and whenever she found a flower that was rare or wholly new to her she would cry out with joy and make as much fuss as if she had found a splendid jewel on the heath. She was a strong child, always the picture of health, so that when she suddenly fell ill of a fever it surprised and alarmed them greatly, and the doctor was sent for. He didn't think it a serious case, but he seemed doubtful about its nature, and in the end he made a fatal mistake—he said it was a mistake. The crisis came, and the poor child got so bad that he was sent for, but it was long to wait, and in the meantime something had to be done, and what she did was to give it a hot bath. Then the fit passed, and with it the fever, and the child went off in a quiet sleep with every sign of returning health. Then came the doctor and said the child was getting well—the right thing had been done—but he must wake her up and give her a draught. She begged him not to; he insisted, and roused and made the child drink, and no sooner had the little thing swallowed the medicine than she fell back white as ashes and was dead in a minute.

It was now going on for two years since their loss; they had moved to the village and had grown used to the village life: the boy was gradually becoming more reconciled to school; her husband had a different employment, which suited him better than the former one, and was highly regarded by his master; then, too, they had pleasant relations with their neighbours. But all this brought them no happiness—they could not get over the loss of their child. She had her grief when she was alone during long hours every day in the house; but when her man came home in the evening she could, and did, throw it off, and was always cheerful, her whole care being to make him forget his sorrow. But it seemed useless; he was a changed man; all his thoughts, all his heart, were with his lost child. He had always been good-tempered and kind, but he had been merry too, full of fun and laughter; now he was what I had seen—a very quiet, still man who smiled a little at times, but who seemed to have forgotten how to laugh.

A DISTINGUISHED ARMY MEDICAL *.

By FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD V.C.

SURGEON-GENERAL SIR A. D. HOME, who is now 86 years of age, entered the Army Medical Service in 1848. His experience of military life is considerable, as he served in half a dozen different corps, and in as many campaigns. He is highly educated, gifted with marvellous memory, is very observant, and writes easily; and yet with all these advantages he tells us very little of the actual fighting which in his thirty-eight years' employment took place, either in his presence, or in his immediate neighbourhood.

The memories begin with allusions to some strange old world customs. Mr. Home was gazetted to a West India regiment, and, although much disappointed, wisely obeyed the order to embark. The previous year one of his friends, on receiving a similar order, wrote declining the appointment, and leaving Chatham proceeded to London. A few days later he was visited by an officer from the Horse Guards, accompanied by a military escort, into whose charge the young man was given. After he had been marched for some distance, the prisoner, on giving his parole, was allowed to proceed by himself to Chatham, whence he was immediately sent to the West Indies.

Mr. Home visited many of the islands on duty and saw most of their beautiful scenery. He mentions that the language current in Trinidad some fifty years after we had seized the island was still French, the Governor's order running, "Appliquez la question à Louise Calderon"; this was in the early days of the nineteenth century. The woman was only charged with theft, and it is strange to read of judicial torture a little more than a hundred years ago in one of our colonies.

Mr. Home joined the 8th Hussars at Balaclava two days after the Army arrived there, having beaten the Russians at the Alma. The adjutant detailed for him a bôtmán, who brought him at noon "a lump of boiled salt pork on a skewer". The doctor writes "I had no plate at hand, and no one had one to lend. . . . Severing a portion of the fat pork, I tried to eat the nauseous morsel with the aid of the ration biscuit, almost as hard as a stone". It is curious to notice how peace conditions for forty years had rendered even very intelligent men in our Army helpless when on service. Naval officers were more provident, as all who landed to form the Naval Brigade at the same time carried a plate, knife, fork, and spoon. The War Department arrangements were as inadequate as those of individual officers, for Dr. Home writes: "One bell tent was allotted for the hospital needs, without, however, any equipment".

The only fighting the author saw done by our men in the Crimea was the charge of Scarlett's Heavy Brigade, and a brief description of that brilliant action

* "The Service Memories of Surgeon-General Sir A. D. Home, V.C., K.C.B." London: Arnold. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

is marred by the erroneous nomenclature of the points of the compass: south being written instead of north, and west instead of east. There are, however, in this part of the story some instructive medical statistics culled from the experience of Miss Nightingale and Dr. Longmore. During the war the Russians killed only 1761 of our men, but 16,297 died of starvation, want of clothing, and over-work; in other words, our losses, to a great extent preventable, were ten times as great as those in battle. After the first six months the British soldiers in the Crimea, being well fed, suitably clothed, and fairly worked, were healthier than their comrades in the United Kingdom. In the camps of our allies the conditions were reversed. The French lost only ninety men by typhus in the winter 1854-5, and 10,278 in the succeeding six months. Allowing for the large increase of the Force, the ratio of losses from this cause was a hundred and fourteen times greater than those in the first six months.

The sense of disappointment at the reticence displayed by Dr. Home in his narratives of the fighting in the Crimea is slight in comparison with his similar restraint in his account of the First Relief of Lucknow. He had gone to China with the 90th Light Infantry early in 1857, and the ships were diverted to Calcutta when the Sipahi Mutiny broke out. The battalion, numbering over a thousand men, was embarked in two steamships; both were wrecked, one going to the bottom of the sea, but with no loss of life. Dr. Home accompanied the headquarters of the battalion, and gives a vivid account of the sufferings of the troops in Outram's force between Allahabad and Cawnpur, which force, by the unexampled generosity of its leader, well named "the Bayard of India", later became a part of Havelock's column.

The Memories contain a brief statement of the operations which ended in Havelock joining the beleaguered force in the Residency. All, however, that the doctor writes of his brilliant feat of arms in Doli Square is summed up in the terse and inaccurate statement: "A little later on the enemy entered the Square and the wounded perished".* Dr. Home's statement as here given does injustice not only to himself but to the gallant soldiers McManus, 5th (Northumberland) Fusiliers, Hollowell, 78th (2nd Seaforth) Highlanders, and Ryan, Madras (1st Royal Dublin) Fusiliers.

Fortunately for the reputation of the Army Medical Department, rich in its records of self-sacrifice, there exists in the history of the 90th Regiment a detailed and animated account, written by Dr. Home, and, as I understand, for its regimental history, where the struggle sustained for hours, to save from the murderous Sipahis our wounded men, is vividly portrayed. On these records, edited by Captain Alexander Delavoye, and published in 1880, the writer of this notice relied to a considerable extent in "The Revolt", published by Messrs. Methuen four years ago. Dr. Home had been left at nightfall on 25 September with the wounded, stricken since the column left the Alum Bagh. They were lying under the protection of the rear guard, which halted at the Moti Mahall when the advance guard under the generals entered the Residency.

Early on the 26th Dr. Home was sent with a convoy under escort to proceed to the Residency. The greater part, with the escort moving by the river Goomti bank, arrived in safety. A brave Bengal Civil Servant misguided the bearers of some forty dolis into a square occupied by the enemy, who opened a heavy fire on the convoy. Nearly all the bearers, dropping their loads, fled; but Private Ward, 78th (2nd Seaforths), swearing he would shoot any man who left his load, succeeded in carrying into safety a doli in which lay the General's wounded son, Lieutenant Havelock, later Major-General Sir Henry Havelock Allan V.C. Home stayed by the dolis for some time, and then defended a house from which devoted soldiers sallied forth, and carried in some of the wounded men whom the Sipahis were trying to slaughter.

* Surgeon Home received the Victoria Cross. See Appendix. In the Appendix is the brief statement taken from the "London Gazette", and readers are referred to an account of the Mutiny.

Despite the restraint and self-depreciation of the author of these Memories, the grand persistent courage and generous devotion to the wounded which he and the little party, eventually reduced to five, showed for twenty-two hours, is apparent; after many hairbreadth escapes, the doctor himself shooting one of the Sipahi leaders, the heroic band was rescued at daylight on 27 September. The story of the struggle of twenty-two hours is more exciting than the narrative of any of Marbot's exploits.

The doctor, while suffering himself from semi-starvation for some days after he reached the Residency, performed excellent professional work. The rebels were very short of ammunition, and on one occasion dropped from a mortar close to the shed where the wounded lay, a log of wood, seven by twelve inches. This Dr. Home utilised as a seat while examining the injuries of his patients.

He was overjoyed on his return to the Alum Bagh to find a coolie, whom he had left when going forward to the Residency on 25 September. The tin boxes the coolie was carrying were open as they were left, with the towel thrown in after a morning's wash, and underneath it a bag of rupees intact.

Dr. Home went from Lucknow back to England, whence he was sent to China, under Sir Hope Grant. He mentions that after the successful assault of the northern Taku Fort the first dead man of our force he saw had been killed by an arrow.

There are more interesting bits to be noticed in his record of the expedition to Canada, when Messrs. Slidell and Mason were taken from the steam mail ship the "Trent", but I must pass to the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-4. All the selected officers who left England with Sir Garnet Wolseley, in September 1873, suffered from the climate, which becomes bearable only about Christmas time. Dr. Home arrived on the coast, however, in June, and thus had four months of the rainy weather and what is locally called "The Smokes", when the country is drying up. Although every officer was suffering from malarial fever, inspired by the dictum of the Chief they each and all declared that the climate and country were equally delightful. Dr. Home and his assistant, Jackson, who had both served in the 90th Light Infantry, struggled, each to invalid the other; both were very ill; perhaps Dr. Home was in the more dangerous condition of the two, but, being the senior, he managed to send Jackson home before he himself was invalided.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LESLIE SCOTT ON LABOUR REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Baumann misunderstands the intention of my article and the scope of the Bill with which it dealt. He objects to the existence of the "tied" member of Parliament, and so do I. But I do not think that he sufficiently appreciates the change that has come over the situation since the Osborne Judgment in 1910. The learned Judges who condemned the system of labour representation which then existed were influenced by the bargain that was made between the Labour party and those who sent them to Parliament. On one side there was a stringent party pledge, and on the other there was a monetary payment for keeping it. This arrangement appeared to invite indirect and corrupting influences. It has now disappeared. The party pledge has been formally discarded, and as a matter of common knowledge cross voting is not more rare in the Labour party than in any other.

The payment by which the pledge was to be enforced has disappeared with it. It is now unnecessary, and by the Trade Unions Bill it would still be illegal. Under clause (3) sub-clause (2) the position of member of Parliament is excluded from the category of those in which a man may be maintained by trade union funds.

The unions would be allowed to raise a special fund to pay for meetings, distributing literature, paying the expenses of candidates, and generally affording them the sort of assistance that many candidates now receive from the Central Office of either of the two great parties. But general conformity to party policy and discipline is the necessary condition of such assistance from any political party in the world. I understand the view that all extraneous assistance of the kind is a corrupting influence, and I should not care myself to be under the obligation which it implies. But I do not understand why a Labour member should be fatally compromised by taking from his fellow trade unionists the kind of assistance which a good Conservative or a good Liberal may accept as a matter of course from his Central Office. I think that the constituencies can generally be trusted to see that in either case their special interests are not neglected by their representatives in Parliament. Mr. Baumann does not touch, on the other hand, the real point of my argument, which was that if by a proper protection of free labour you diminish or destroy the value of strikes as an industrial weapon, both justice and policy require that you should give to Labour an alternative means of gaining attention to its wishes. The encouragement of constitutional demands is the only way to suppress revolutionary activity.

The worst point of the present Bill is its treatment of minorities. We must insist that proper safeguards are inserted before we can accept it. As it stands the Bill infringes the principle of the Ballot Act by ensuring complete publicity of every trade unionist's vote; and exposes the minority to the prospect of intimidation. To get justice the unions must make clear their intention to do justice. I hope that in this respect the common sense of the situation may appeal to the Labour party as well as to the Unionists. The fate of the Bill lies largely in their own hands.

On the wider question Mr. Baumann can hardly have studied my article. I tried to make it perfectly clear that whatever system of compulsory arbitration or conciliation be adopted, contracts between masters and men must be made legally enforceable, and that nothing but the pecuniary liability of trade union funds can provide the sanction which under our present law they do not possess.

Yours faithfully,

LESLIE SCOTT.

SUFFRAGETTES IN PRISON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 June 1912.

SIR,—May I ask you to find space in the SATURDAY REVIEW for the following questions?

Why are conspirators judged and sentenced if they are not to undergo the punishment?

Why do we appoint judges and pay them high salaries if their judgments are to be reversed?

Why are the prison infirmaries good enough for the poor, but not suitable for law-breakers in a higher class of life, for whom there should be less excuse?

Why do not we, as anti-suffragettes, refuse to pay taxes to a Government which allows prisoners their liberty before the sentences have been carried out because the said prisoners starve themselves and behave like lunatics in, as well as out of, prison?

Why do not we hand jewellery to the tax-collectors, if we possess any, and employ anti-suffragettes to buy it in for us at the auctions that the Government are thus obliged to organise?

Why are the public forced to put up with troublesome and law-breaking persons who are released from prison before the term of their sentence has expired when it is well known that they intend to continue to conspire and break laws?

Why do the daily papers publish bulletins of the health of conspirators while they do not tell us that "Betsy Jane", who is undergoing imprisonment for stealing a loaf of bread, is suffering from a cold in the head, or is at the point of death, or is not forcibly fed?

I am strongly tempted to break the windows and otherwise injure the property of a particularly irritating suffragette who has been in prison for a couple of months, her sentence having been nine months. If I indulge myself in this matter and am sentenced to six months' imprisonment, I should be glad to know if I can count upon being released at the end of three weeks.

No doubt there are good answers to all these questions; if so, and any of your readers know them, perhaps they will be kind enough to inform

Yours faithfully,

JESSIE GROSVENOR.

PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Roland Gardens S.W., 18 June 1912.

SIR,—I think there can be no doubt that there were two editions—an earlier and a later—of the Robert Lowe epitaph. The earlier was the brief six-line version, afterwards rendered into the Latin "Continentur" etc. As one or two queer errors, or misprints, have crept into the rendering furnished by your correspondent Mr. W. H. Eyre, I give it in correct form, viz.:

"Continentur hac in fossa
Humilis Roberti ossa.
Si ad cœlum evolabit,
Pax in cœlo non restabit.
Sin in inferis jacebit,
Diabolum ejus pœnitebit."

This rendering (as Mr. Eyre notes) strangely omits to give the line "Where he's gone to I don't know". Possibly this fact may have led to the second and more ample edition set forth in my letter of 14 May.

I am positive that I heard the shorter English version a considerable time before I received from Mr. Lowe his eleven-line translation, and this is impressed on my memory by the following incident. I was going to play a match at lawn-tennis (a game then in its very early youth), and as I was walking to the court a friend told me of the short version. But he had forgotten Mr. Lowe's Latin translation, and, while playing my match, I ran off the following and afterwards gave it to my friend:

"Hic Humilis nostri requiescunt ossa Roberti.
Nescio mortis utram nunc premit ille viam.
Si superam: cœli pax, heu! requiesque valete;
Infera si placuit: gratulor, Orce, tibi!"

Your obedient servant,

H. D. ELLIS.

BIRD PROTECTION AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 S. Thomas' Mansions S.E.

12 June 1912.

SIR,—I am not specially alarmed at your correspondent's reply to my letter. In the first place, I do not assume that suffragettes monopolise the wearing of plumage. But it is not to the point to accuse those women who are averse from so hazardous an experiment as giving women the vote of being sinners also in this respect. The point is that those women who are hysterically clamouring to be entrusted with the Imperial responsibilities of a great nation are debarred by reason of the sex's weaknesses from entering the political arena. If anything more is required to show how little they are fitted for the exercise of that discretion which is essential in the conduct of public affairs, it is to be found in the admission of your correspondent that they are so utterly lacking in strength and stability that they tamely submit to "their vanity and indifference" being exploited for illegal purposes.

For the rest, I wish to remind your correspondent that if there were no women who "merely accepted" these contraband feathers, there would be no receivers, and if there were no receivers there would be no killers.

Yours truly,

MARY BUCKLAND A.R.C.I.

"ROSE-DAY" AND HALFPENNY JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Daily Mirror" Offices,
12 Whitefriars Street E.C.,
4 July 1912.

SIR,—From the supercilious seclusion of your aristocratic armchair you attack both because both make their appeal to Demos. You even scorn to mention that your quotation is "lifted" from the "Daily Mirror". It is easy to aim satirical darts at ephemeral journalism from the leisured recesses of the hebdomadal sanctum, therefore perhaps the less fair to omit from your quotation its initial paragraph lest that paragraph enfeeble your argument.

So far as it is possible for the plain blunt mind of the halfpenny sub-editor to grasp the super-subtle irony of a SATURDAY REVIEWER in hypochondriac mood, the article "Rose-Day" in your last issue inveighs:

1. Against the journalism that rises to flowery heights on the subject of a gala of artificial roses while sinking to austere simplicity in describing the wreck of a Titanic.

2. Against the sentimentality and offensive importunity of street-collections generally.

Firstly, then, let me reply that it was broadly speaking my aim as a halfpenny journalist to present as vivid as possible an impression of Alexandra Day to the imagination of the reader. The SATURDAY REVIEW's graciously flattering criticism of that impressionistic article leads me to hope that I may have come within reach of success in that respect. It was the keynote of the opening paragraph that the day was a day of "sunshine and roses". If the roses were only cambric deftly wrought by cripples, the sunshine was very real. Real, too, was the boisterous reception of Queen Alexandra, and real the carnivalesque spirit that pervaded not only the West End of London, but such ordinarily drab and humdrum centres as the Baltic and the Stock Exchanges.

As to the importunity of the street-collectors, there were few indeed in London on that day who felt themselves unduly pestered. It were ungracious to name the writer of your article a grey-souled curmudgeon after the kind things he wrote about me, but I should like to ask him whether he happened to be in London on that day and yet failed so signally to catch the spirit of the sunshine, aye, and the false flowers.

Believe me,

Most gratefully,

THE SCRIBE IN QUESTION.

P.S.—To the question whether that particular street-collection did or not embrace subscriptions which it would not otherwise have received, the reply is merely that something like 3,000,000 pennies were found in the boxes—the mite of Demos.

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westminster Abbey, 27 June 1912.

SIR,—May I ask your readers to think for a moment of 800,000 children in the London elementary schools? Half the number do not through the whole year spend one night out of London. Holidays and weekdays are lived alike in the narrow, close and often dirty limits of mean streets with no break but the chance day treat with its unrefreshing excitement. The Children's Country Holiday Fund last year sent 40,000 children to spend a summer fortnight with cottage hosts in the country, where they found not only fresh air but new thoughts for their minds and new friends for their hearts. The Fund this year hopes to send 50,000, but these hopes depend on the gifts of the public. When your readers think of the children and remember that ten shillings—the price of a drive or a dinner or a bottle of wine—will enable a London child to enjoy a whole fortnight of glorious holiday they

will send a generous gift to Lord Arran, Treasurer C. C. H. F., 18 Buckingham Street, Strand W.C.

I am yours,

SAMUEL A. EARNETT, Chairman.

[We will not doubt that Canon Barnett is right in assuming that every reader of his letter will send at the least his half-sovereign (one visit less to a theatre or half a visit less to some second-rate opera, if at Covent Garden, will do it) and give some poor child a country holiday. We are persuaded it is not want of goodwill any more than want of means that keeps the West-Enders from well-doing in this way, but want of knowledge and maybe want of thought. Every West-Enders who has seen these children, as we have, in their ordinary close, uneventful life will be glad to help send them for a fortnight's brief glorious exception to the rule of their existence. If we seem to grow dithyrambic in urging this appeal it is because we know what we are talking about.—ED. S.R.]

A PANEGYRIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fairlawn Park, Chiswick W.,

1 July.

SIR,—London has become, as Rodin said it would, the Metropolis of the Art World; and it behoves us to show ourselves worthy of the honour by honouring the great artists of other lands who make their home. So it is deplorable that one of the most original pioneers who have opened up new fields, and achieved new phases of perfection, should be allowed to pass without a tribute of appreciation from so large a section of our Press. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema O.M., the late Academician, has written a new chapter in the history of art; but in none of the perfunctory notices which have yet appeared has there been shown any gleam of insight into his significance, or what he has really done for art. In these days of petty sectarianism in the art world, when anarchism has inverted nearly all criteria, we must resolutely put aside all mere personal preference, and rest on incontestable facts.

In subject Alma-Tadema opened out new fields; he made Greece and Rome live again for us. He gave us a new type of beauty; and in composition he departed far from orthodoxy, and gave us the new, quaint, and the unexpected with refreshing originality. He sublimed colour, leaving all the crude primaries, he gave us those tender, odd, precious and delicate tints only seen by the higher refinements of vision. In painting metals, and those marvellous marbles which he transformed into precious stones, he revealed a host of new beauties never seen in art before. To express this new insight he perfected a new technique, unlike anything seen before his time. When he came to the supreme problem for the painter, light, by his keenness of seeing and his wonderful reflexes, he made pigment glow as it had never glowed before except in the hands of our great light-bringer, Turner.

Now, the number of new departures from orthodoxy, the enlargement of the artistic vision, and the deepening of insight, constitute an artistic achievement seldom equalled in the history of art. We may like or dislike this style of painting; this is not a question of personal taste, but of knowledge, and of artistic seeing; and this part of the question can be decided here and now; while the ultimate estimate of the value of these achievements must be left to a saner age. We shall honour ourselves in honouring this great and original master; and we must look to our Press to put aside all petty sectarianism and rise to the occasion and do justice to itself.

Yours etc.

E. WAKE COOK.

"GIN" OR "GRIN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford St. Peter Rectory, Wilts.

SIR,—The following about an obsolete Bible word is, I think, interesting. I read every day in the church

here from a folio Bible, Barker's well-known 1617 edition, and have often noticed archaisms which the printers have illicitly modernised—e.g. brickle (brittle), fet (fetched), ought (owed), champion (champaign), and so forth. But one so seldom has occasion to use the A.V. Psalter that I had not noticed till last week the word "grin", for "gin", in two successive psalms, viz. cxli. 9, "the grinnes of the workers of iniquitie", and clx. 5, "they have set grinnes for me". In my ignorance I took this to be a curious misprint, especially as Amos iii. 5 has "ginne". I am told, however, that the Breeches Bible and also Norton and Bill's Bible of 1625 have the same peculiarity, and the Vicar of St. George's, Shrewsbury, the Rev. C. H. Drinkwater, writes to me that "grin", from the Anglo-Saxon, is the usual word in Shropshire and Cheshire for a snare. He even suggests that the Cheshire cat's grin has some connexion with the matter. My informant quotes Sternhold and Hopkins (Ps. cxiv. 7), "out of the fowlers' gren", and, from a fifteenth century word-book, "laqueus, anglice a grene". Is "gin" then a corruption of "grin"? Skeat derives it from "engine".

Perhaps some of your readers with a better library than mine can help me to trace this word "grin" through successive editions of the English Bible.

Your obedient servant,
DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HYMNS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris, 26 June 1912.

SIR,—I fail to see what purpose can be gained by trying to evade or equivocate about the very just and very moderately expressed criticism of our popular hymns made by Mr. Filson Young. They are positively painful in French, and not much better in English. To deny it is only to put off efforts towards improvement, of which everybody sees the necessity. Even the humble missionaries who write those wretched rhymes have no illusions about them, and pray for a poet. Filson Young's sympathies must be sufficiently clear even to those who do not know him personally, and ought to secure him against too offhand arguments.

Yours very sincerely,
ERNEST DIMNET.

THE PEDIGREE OF LAWN TENNIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sidestrand Hall, Cromer,
3 July 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Crawley's article on Lawn Tennis will be read with great interest by both old and young players, especially by the former. I think, therefore, that it may add to the interest if I supplement it with my own experience in the form of a narrative.

In 1874 I was living at Parkbury, near Radlett, and in May of that year I read an account of Badminton in India, which resulted in my wife and myself at once trying the game. Not having a net available we put up two clothes-horses and played over them with ordinary battledores and shuttlecocks. A slight wind interfered with our success, and I suggested it would be a much better game if we played with ordinary racquets and india-rubber balls over a net. I at once went off for my racquets, while my wife searched the nursery for india-rubber balls. We then put up a net and started playing. The experiment entirely confirmed my expectation, but the nursery balls were unsatisfactory, and I wrote off at once to Harrow for some squash racquet balls, which in those days were soft with a hole in them. Shortly afterwards I asked my old friend, Herbert Marshall, then so well known as a cricketer and now as a water-colour painter, to come down to try my new game. Before his arrival I proceeded to mark-out the court. There were two diffi-

culties in my doing so. First, as to the dimensions of the court; and, secondly, as to the marking. The first difficulty I met by my own experience at racquets, and I eventually decided on a court rather longer than the present one—but about the same breadth, with a net about 3 feet high—but with no nets either on the sides or at the ends. The marking out was a greater difficulty, but, on my wife's suggestion, I solved it by using white tape fastened to the ground with hairpins (exhausting the whole stock of my household).

On the arrival of Herbert Marshall we began our first game. We played with ordinary racquets, Harrow squash balls, serving from the side of the court, and scoring exactly as in racquets. My wife also joined in the game. I can remember well our enjoyment over the long rallies and the game generally, and we came to the conclusion that it was a game which would become popular and last.

Within a few days I had an interview with Mr. Feltham, of Messrs. Feltham and Co., the game providers, and discussed with him the steps which should be taken to register or patent the game. He explained to me the difficulty of registering a net, two racquets, and india-rubber balls, as there was no novelty in any one of them, and suggested that I should use coloured balls, and in some way vary the articles required from those in ordinary use, and, further, that I should draw up the rules for the game. I proceeded to act on his advice, but shortly after Mr. Feltham again called to tell me that he had found that a game called Sphanistikè had recently been registered by Major Wingfield, which appeared to him to be much the same as mine. I at once went to see it (at, I think, Leuchars', Hatton Garden). I was shown a box, smaller than a croquet box, on the outside of which was printed on a paper label, "Sphanistikè or Lawn Racquets" (I may be wrong as to the word "Racquets", which may have been "Tennis"). I remember well that I thought the contents of the box, and especially the small racquets, were better fitted for children than for grown-up players, and were not suited for the game I contemplated. I did not, therefore, purchase it, but went on playing with my old apparatus—and with my own rules. Several of my neighbours came over to Parkbury to see the game and try it for themselves. At that time I had never heard of anyone playing a similar game, and, till I read Mr. Crawley's article, I was not aware of the exposition of Major Wingfield's game at Prince's Ground on 6 May 1874. The game then played must have differed somewhat from mine, as, according to Mr. Crawley, it "depended for its specific character on the idea of having side nets hung to the guy-ropes", while my court was like the present ones, quite open. Still, as I have said above, Major Wingfield had anticipated me in registering a game very similar to mine. It would be interesting to know whether anyone, either gentleman or lady, played a similar game to that which my wife and I played before June 1874.

We certainly invented or adapted the game for ourselves, without any outside knowledge or advice, and, though I have often tried, I have never discovered any earlier players than we were.

This then, is my narrative of, at any rate, a very early game of Lawn Tennis—a game which I have played for thirty-eight years, and still play, though

"Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder".

In conclusion, I would add that it is always a great interest to both Lady Hoare and myself to watch the game being played by people of all nations and languages, and to see the perfection with which it is played. It has spread and developed in a way we could never have anticipated, and we can now only again express our hope of 1874 that it may last for many years to come, and afford pleasure and invigorating rivalry not only for the present but for future generations.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,
SAMUEL HOARE.

DISTRESS IN THE DOCKERS' FAMILIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Petersburg Hotel, N. Audley Street.

SIR,—No wonder perhaps, that in the tumult of such a battle as is going on now in the political world all round, the faint voice of starving families fails to penetrate. Yet it is human material that the social battle in England is warping, and twisting and wrecking all the time! It is mothers, with all their burden of responsibility, who are being starved; it is children who are dying, aye, and even their fathers, kept idle against their will, in hundreds of cases, whose strength is being slowly and surely sapped. A crust of bread given to these may just be sufficient to keep them alive; would not be sufficient to keep the strike alive; and therefore, as bread is so sorely needed, let our timid "social consciences" not fear to give! It is sufficient to look a little closely to realise that the direst human suffering is going on; and whatever we may think of the strike, it is not wise, any more than it is merciful, to let people suffer too much! Cases given me by a district hospital nurse, too used to see misery and minister to it to be easily carried away by sentimental pity, would make your readers shudder with horror, and the relieving officer would bear out such pitiful stories. I would put anyone who wished in touch with district workers in Plaistow, or it would be easy to get into touch with workers in other parts too affected by the dock strike. The intimidation going on, so easy to feel plucky about in conversation, is quite another matter when actually put in practice by next-door neighbours.

Trusting that you will be so good as to publish this appeal,

I am, yours faithfully,

GETA DORMER.

MR. MASEFIELD'S POETRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Northgate, Wakefield, 2 July 1912.

SIR,—T. W. H. C. has replied to my former letter in a manner not unexpected. There is nothing to resent in his references to "a provincial critic", nor can I grudge him the subtle mirth which he extracts from four repetitions of the name of the town in which I live. My present concern is with the serious accusations, now emphasised and amplified, against the purity of Mr. Masefield's work. First, however, I must respond to a personal challenge. I hope your readers will excuse me; for it is true that I met those accusations, in their original form, by "general charges" against the "tone and temper" of T. W. H. C., and I am bound in honour to illustrate specifically what I meant, now that T. W. H. C. very fairly requires me to do so.

I stated that T. W. H. C. had "singular fluency in belittling almost everybody, from nations to individuals". He is the author of a work called the "Unspeakable Scot", in which he says that "every Scot one meets strikes one as being a first-generation man". "You know instinctively, even if he does not tell you, that in his childhood he ran about with untended nose." T. W. H. C. also describes the Scotch as "a people whose distinguishing trait is fundamental lewdness". Elsewhere, he paints the German:

"The hog materialist,
Full of offal and beer,
Grins at the sausage-shop door
With his abdominal frau".

He has also a verse in which the members of the Government are severally supposed to describe themselves:

"We who are nobody's sons
And boast of it, O Lord;
Who carried the washing home
Over Westminster Bridge" . . .

and again,

"Who married the chemical trade
Whose wives are so palpably ours".

His dicta on writers and on public men abound in samples like these: "Wherever one turns one finds Dr.

Barrie trotting out creatures of a sentiment so slobbery that it would be eschewed even by the scribbling, simpering misses at a seminary"; "Mr. H. G. Wells is no doubt an exceedingly worthy young man, inasmuch as he has achieved 'first-class honours in zoology'"; Lord Rosebery "in appearance is of about the build and body of a draper". The Bishop of London is classed as one of the "men who will always contrive to be too busy for sainthood". I shall not be asked, I think, to multiply such excerpts. I am hampered by their necessary brevity, but they will serve to show what I meant by "belittlement", which I take to be not so much a question of attack, as a certain "petty" spirit in attacking. With remarks of the kind quoted I could fill several columns, if I had at hand the long succession of works that T. W. H. C. has produced. They typify the writer "whose staple is scorn", as I said, and whose style I called "uncongenial to the rôle of moral and religious censor".

I am glad that T. W. H. C. has chosen and quoted from the "Everlasting Mercy" a fairly long passage which presumably he regards as one of the most damning. What is this passage? It depicts, with intentional crudeness and intentional plainness, the dregs of a rural population, outwardly degraded as the drinking boozers in one of Teniers' interiors, and inwardly debased by a low animalism which they freely express in their language and morals. I ask those of your readers who sincerely care for religion and goodness, and who have not read the long poem of ninety pages from which this passage is taken, to note the point and purpose of the lines. The poem is dramatic, and it purports to give us the experience, in his own words, of a young ruffian, poacher and prize-fighter who undergoes the miracle of a changed heart. The hideousness of this tavern scene and of this gross, common vice—the life which Bunyan in his "Mr. Badman" has painted with less dramatic but equal plainness—is to be the soil from which there shall presently appear, by that strange chemistry of divine love, a white spiritual flower. Saul Kane goes on to describe how he leaned out of window from the reeking den, which he calls "that pigstye of the fiend"; and how he heard

"The cold note of the chapel bell,
And then a cock crew, flapping wings,
And summat made me think of things".

From incident to incident he recounts his experiences and sensations in the same naïve fashion, using always the idiom of labouring men in the West Country. The long-drawn process of his feeling is touched in by Mr. Masefield with extraordinary skill. Suddenly Saul awakes to a new earth and heaven. The commonest things are glorified:

"The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise".

He is moved to joy, and he gives us these following lines, which I invite all "decently-minded" and religious readers to set side by side with the passage that T. W. H. C. has quoted:

"O Christ who holds the open gate,
O Christ who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn forever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there,
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ".

A comparison of the two passages compels us to an irresistible dilemma. If the description of the fiend's pigstye (as Mr. Masefield calls it) is a piece of obscenity

concocted for money, the lines I have just quoted are a foul hypocrisy. If the lines I have just quoted are a sincere delineation of what a humble soul in an hour of illumination may well feel, the passage given by T. W. H. C. is entirely legitimate and honest in its purpose. Your readers must resolve this dilemma for themselves. I would suggest that they apply to it not only Christian charity, but sheer common sense. According to T. W. H. C., the lines he quotes are "a greasy surfeit for the libidinous", and he compares Mr. Masfield with a bishop who sells for private profit obscene pictures ostensibly based on Bible narrative. The accusation would be laughable if it were not so odious. A "libidinous" writer is a writer who purposely tricks out evil in pleasant colours, who indulges and communicates a relish of vice for its own sake. There is not a trace of these qualities in the passage quoted. The language of the characters is coarse, the realism naked; but a passage less insidious it would be hard to conceive. I said in my article that "small account need be taken" of such language and such realism, if we consider the whole tone and spirit of the work in which they appear. As a matter of taste, the bald introduction into verse of what I called "the crude expletive of the navy" is debatable enough. If we were now discussing the dinner-table etiquette of dramatic diction, I should say that the word "bloody" is distasteful even for realistic dialogue with a sound dramatic purpose; and I should be tempted to add that such a word in actual life, uttered by a poor labourer, is just about as repulsive to my mind as the expression "abdominal frau", applied to the German woman by a highly educated Englishman. But we are not discussing diction. We are discussing the honesty of a writer now accused of venal pornography and hypocrisy, of putting "libidinous" goods on "an obvious market". I cannot speak with authority as to the "market"; I have not studied it; but I should fancy it would be hard to find a depraved person of a depravity so ingenuous as to spend three-and-sixpence on the ninety-page story of a man's conversion, for the sake of such lines as T. W. H. C. has quoted. The accusation that Mr. Masfield caters for the foul-minded is absurd enough; but it is reduced to final absurdity by the other charge, of "tacking religious verses" to his evil ones "for the pleasuring of the pious". I do not quite see how a writer secures a specially profitable "market" by appealing to the "libidinous" and to the "pious" simultaneously. Either T. W. H. C. means that religious verses are an additional lure for the libidinous reader, which I can hardly credit; or else he means that libidinous verses are a special inducement for "the pious", which I call a gross insult to the religious classes of this country.

T. W. H. C. tells me that he has "at least as good a power of judgment" as my own. I do not dispute this for a moment. Even if I fancied I had any outstanding qualifications for recommending a poet, I should not care to amuse my friends by gravely explaining these to the world. My sole contention is that T. W. H. C., in what he says of Mr. Masfield, is biased. I fear that your readers may be overawed, in this matter, by T. W. H. C.'s general authority in the world of letters. I would therefore ask them to note, when T. W. H. C. assails a writer's character and invites the supporters of "a High Church paper" to endorse his view, that T. W. H. C. is also the critic who casually observes that the Bishop of London "will always contrive to be too busy for sainthood"; and I will further ask them to note, when T. W. H. C. accuses Mr. Masfield's work of "nauseating sensuality", that T. W. H. C. is also the critic who thinks that "the distinguishing trait" of the Scottish nation is "fundamental lewdness".

I do not propose to split hairs with T. W. H. C. about Burns, Shakespeare, or Marlowe. My point was fairly obvious, though perhaps clumsily expressed owing to my inferior education and immaturity as a writer. T. W. H. C.—on the strength of details in Mr. Masfield's subject matter—denies to Mr. Masfield "the smallest claim to consideration" as a poet.

I virtually invited him to say, on similar grounds, that Marlowe is not a poet. He has not said so. He has hedged on to the safe generality that Burns, Marlowe, and the rest are excluded from poetry "precisely so far" as they "commit themselves to the disgust of decently-minded people". In other words, he appreciates the poetic claims of established poets, apart from those blots in their subject matter which he deplores; Mr. Masfield he condemns out-and-out on the strength of such blots, and as to Mr. Masfield's poetic claims otherwise he has not said a word, except to deny them without argument, from first to last.

In this letter, Sir, I have dealt with the question of Mr. Masfield's sincerity (which I regard as a matter for all your readers, in view of such attacks upon him) rather than with those points of purely poetic excellence, appealing to the few, which I touched in my article of 25 May. To my mind, the sad feature of what T. W. H. C. pathetically calls "this wretched and disgraceful business" is the fact that we have left untouched the one really fascinating topic that Mr. Masfield's work, with all its shortcomings, suggests. I mean the discussion of the difference between poetry as a verbal embroidery, and poetry as an emotion drawn from life in the raw. I will make T. W. H. C. a present (which in spite of my "fury", now twice exhibited, I trust he will accept) of what no doubt he will regard as a most damaging admission. I believe that real poetry is to be got from "religion in terms of ploughing", as he contemptuously calls it; and I hesitate to disbelieve that poetry could be got from "Crippen" and "Lloyd's Newspaper", if only you could find the man to excavate it.

I am, Sir, etc.,

J. E. BARTON.

[It is hardly necessary to say that we published Mr. Barton's article on Mr. Masfield because we have confidence in his literary judgment. Mr. Barton has contributed to the SATURDAY REVIEW for many years and will, we trust, have leisure to do so for many years more.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94 Hampstead Way N.W., 23 June 1912.

SIR,—May I, as an uncritical outsider, venture to express what I must be sharing with many of your readers—a complete mystification as to the mental attitude of T. W. H. C.?

He opens his remarks on "The Everlasting Mercy" with a suggestion that religion and spirituality are something set apart from the flesh. Unfortunately, on this physical plane, we humans are working in and are hampered by the flesh and fleshly environment, each more or less, of course, according to the particular stages of his evolution. To the average reader of Mr. Masfield's poems it must appear that, before all else, he is the poet of humanity and the champion of the divine in the human: and, if it be not impertinent to say so, that he has attained to that plane from which, through love and an exquisite understanding, he can be a great helper as well as a great poet. He records the sin and the dirt; they are there, and his hampered souls have to live through them; but he never loses sight of the spirit which must eventually answer to the call of love and beauty. He probably can see even through the (to many) impenetrable wall of T. W. H. C.'s mentality.

I take it as characteristic of your correspondent that he sees the "plough" and misses the "holy white birds flying after". Even then, is he all unconscious of the beauty of colour in a newly-turned furrow? and of the scent? It is akin to that of violets and the moss that lies in the deepest hollows of beech-woods—redolent of the heart of growth.

Of those who have read Mr. Masfield's works there can be few who do not feel their human sympathies widened and their own courage reinforced. This, possibly, is in part the secret of his "popularity".

Yours faithfully,

M. I. BAKER.

REVIEWS.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAVALIER.

"The Life of James First Duke of Ormonde." By Lady Burghclere. In two vols. London: Murray. 1912. 28s. net.

THE history of Ireland, it has been truly observed, may for nearly half a century be read in the life, actions and adventures of James Butler, the twelfth Earl and first Duke of Ormonde. And since Ormonde was one of those who consider that papers are the "jewels of a family", therefore the annals of English government in Ireland during the middle period of the seventeenth century are "illustrated by a greater mass and variety of extant documentary evidence than can be matched in the case of any other period". We quote from Mr. Charles Litton Falkiner's paper on "An Illustrious Cavalier"—we have borrowed the title for this article—in his posthumous volume of "Essays Relating to Ireland". Thomas Carte's "Life of Ormond" is of course the book of authority for this period. It was published in 1736, as a Stuart vindication, at a time when the family had temporarily fallen from the great estate to which it had been lifted by James Butler and his forefathers, and the successor in the title was a refugee at Avignon. How Carte found James Butler's papers in fourteen wicker bins at Kilkenny Castle; how, there being no bookbinder in the town, he transported them in three Irish cars to Dublin; how he "digested" the MSS. in Dublin, and bound up such of them as appeared most useful to his subject; how finally the material found its way to the Bodleian—this whole affair of a Jacobite's investigation into history has itself become a matter of historical investigation, and no wonder, for it constitutes one of the veritable romances of research. The papers which Carte returned unbound to Kilkenny were naturally less important than those which finally reached the Bodleian. But since Carte's time there have been discovered at the Bodleian fresh sources of information, upon which other writers besides Lady Burghclere have drawn, and, as is well known, the Historical Manuscripts Commission has had in the Ormonde collection a wide field for its labours. Carte's great biography is admittedly deficient in human interest and diffuse, but this book of Lady Burghclere's is not the abridgment of the work for which Dr. Johnson asked. She has gone to the new material and to much that Carte considered below the dignity of history, her aim being primarily to give a portrait of the man in whose person so many shining virtues were made manifest. For her, as for Lord Morley, Ormonde is "one of the most admirably steadfast, patient, clear-sighted, and honourable men in the list of British statesmen".

A worthy "Life" of the illustrious cavalier, it follows that this book is a worthy contribution to Anglo-Irish history. The chapters on the Revolution of 1641, the Cromwellian Settlement and the Restoration Settlement—the three landmarks of the period—are admirably done, lucid, full and yet not overburdened with detail. Lady Burghclere has also made good use of the less known authorities, such as Fynes Morison's "Itinerary" and Francesco de Cuellar's narrative in Duro's "Armada Invincible"; some of her information regarding contemporary Ireland will be fresh to the average reader, as, for instance, that "priests and people" had scant respect for the marriage tie in those days. "Where the clergy is faint", writes Campion, "they be content to marry for a year and a day of probation." It was really the Penal Laws which turned Ireland into the island of saints we now know. But in 1641 £20,000 was paid to the Church in commutation of offences against the Seventh Commandment! One may picture the obscurity and violence of Irish life at the time when one realises that this country had, aside from the commonplace horrors, to put up with Mohammedan

piracy. Up to a hundred years ago the Roman Catholic families of French and Lynch in Galway used to celebrate the anniversary of William III.'s accession with bonfires and exhibitions of Orange lilies in grateful remembrance of the release of their common ancestors from Algiers, owing to the King's intervention.

Alone among the great families of Ireland the Butlers seem to have had some sort of a fixed policy, and enjoyed a measure of security in their domains. They had originally shared the Anglo-Norman conquest of the island with the de Burghs and the Geraldines; and with the Palatinate rights of Tipperary and vast and profitable estates in Kilkenny, they were indistinguishable, as Lady Burghclere says, from sovereign princes. Across the Channel too they had great possessions, to which Arklow provided a ready means of access: a fact which no doubt partly explains their comparatively detached attitude towards purely Irish affairs. They did not become hibernicised, but remained conspicuously loyal. The phrase, "The King's Government must be carried on", sums up their politics; and, for the Nationalist historian or song-writer the name is without romantic associations. They had the misfortune (from his point of view) to back, and with wonderful consistency, the side which was to win in the long run. But it must be remembered that English power in Ireland was then by no means assured; and the motives that occasionally impelled the Geraldines and the others to go a-wooing of Kathleen-ny-Houlihan may well have been merely politic. In short, the Butlers, unlike the rest of the Irish and Norman-Irish lords, were sometimes ready to sacrifice an immediate material gain for the sake of their historical tradition and purpose; and a real disinterestedness was certainly one of the qualities of the most famous son of the house.

This book brings out very well the fine devotion of James Butler to the Stuarts. Steadfast, patient, clear-sighted, honourable, as Lord Morley says, and withal a gracious figure in Irish history, yet we doubt if the first Duke of Ormonde can be counted a great leader of men. It was, or should have been, his aim and the aim of the genuine Royalists to unite the bishops and the priests, the Irish of the North, the Catholics of the Pale, the old Irish and the Protestants of the north-east against the Puritans. All these parties more or less favoured Charles' cause; and the claims of all were still open to satisfaction without damage to English authority and interests—as they were not at the Restoration. But Cromwell was actually on Irish soil before Ormonde assumed his natural leadership of the nation, and then without avail, although he had, to quote another writer, a "practically inexhaustible supply of born soldiers, a military caste, almost gentlemen, and led and officered by their own gentry and noblemen, who were also the kindred of the rank and file", and although his host outnumbered that of the Protector. When Charles II. came back, and Ormonde with him, the land question had become hopelessly complicated. The new English "interest" might not be despoiled, and though Ormonde was without anti-Catholic prejudice, his tolerance and his desire to see justice done to all classes of his fellow-countrymen were necessarily without practical effects. It is no wonder, then, that the aggrieved Catholic gentry turned to another Irishman of the King's circle, Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl of Tyrconnell and Ormonde's successor in the Viceroyalty. Talbot is only referred to in these pages to be dismissed in a few contemptuous sentences; yet from an Ormondite point of view he should be the chief villain of the piece. Lady Burghclere, as an Ormondite historian, should have given us an adequate portrait of the Duke's most dangerous antagonist. Unscrupulous, a braggart and sensualist perhaps, Ormonde's antithesis in every respect, Talbot's attempt to exploit the Stuarts to the profit of the Irish Catholics presents many ugly features, but it was conceived on a grandiose scale, and, besides, all but succeeded. The man had imagination and the touch of genius which Ormonde lacked.

THE MODERN SHORT NOVEL.

"*Halcyone*." By Elinor Glyn. London: Duckworth. 1912. 6s.

WE are glad that Mrs. Glyn has been reading the classics: there is nothing like them for terseness of style and compact pointed thought. But in her attempt to draw a modern heroine based on the young ladies of antiquity Mrs. Glyn has only partially succeeded. In the Athens of Pericles and Euripides young women were less than nothing. Still, there is something attractive in the idea of "*Halcyone*", a young girl, wholly unconventional and pagan, whose ethics are based not on the Bible but on Plato and the dramatists; only Mrs. Glyn has not worked it out. The appalling thing about a modern novel is its superficiality; it is like the picture of the modern impressionist, mere sketchy daubing, nothing filled in, nothing finished; and therefore nothing remains on the mind. In this novel of Mrs. Glyn's there are one or two conventional types, the vulgar American woman pushing her way into society, the unscrupulous young politician, who wants her money, but is in love with the penniless Halcyone, of ancient lineage; an old philosopher who teaches Halcyone Greek, a thin caricature of Mr. Lloyd George, and that is all. The budding statesman, after a struggle between his higher and lower self, makes up his mind to lose the world for love, and to elope with Halcyone. On his way to the trysting-place he tumbles into a ditch and breaks his leg and his head. He is carried unconscious into the house of the rich American, whose guest he was, nursed, and finally dosed with champagne and drawn into a proposal. Halcyone takes the engagement more philosophically—such is the result of reading Aristotle and Euripides—than either the politician or his Yankee betrothed, who bore one another acutely. Just as the under secretary is beginning to realise that money may be bought too dear, a rich and childless uncle—Mrs. Glyn does not flinch, but we blush—dies and leaves him ten thousand a year. Of course, this makes the hero just a trifle restive under the exactions of his American, who is as exacting as only American women can be. It does make a difference, does it not, that trifle of owning a couple of hundred thousand pounds? The American has in the meantime grasped the fact that a Conservative Government is going out and a Radical Government coming in. She therefore thinks it good business to put John Derringham "out and down", and take up Mr. Hanbury Green (alias Mr. Lloyd George). Derringham is delighted to recover his liberty, and rushes off to marry Halcyone, and that is all! Thin and sketchy enough in plot; and really the rich old uncle dying in the nick of time is a trifle audacious! We should not, however, have objected to the conventionality of the plot and the familiarity of the machinery—we like old friends—if Mrs. Glyn had taken the trouble to work out her characters a little more artistically. Cecilia Cricklander is not convincing. She is hard enough and vulgar enough to stand for her type; but it is like a woman to imagine that a woman, by using a clever companion to look up reference books between luncheon and dinner, could impose on or hold her own with really clever and educated men. Cecilia's prattle about Julian the Apostate would not have passed muster. The political argument between Derringham and Hanbury Green is of the flimsiest and most trivial kind. It was not so that the great Victorian novelists went to work. Mrs. Glyn has apparently no conception of "the tedious ways of art", of which Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope and George Eliot had painfully made themselves masters. Why is it that Disraeli's Lord Monmouth and Rigby, that Colonel Newcome and Henry Esmond, that Mrs. Proudie and Archdeacon Grantley and Mr. Furnival Q.C. and the Vincys and Casaubons and Squire Brooke of Tipton, not to enumerate the long list of oddities by Dickens, haunt the recollection, and figure in the mind's eye like a row of pictures in the National Portrait Gallery? It is because these

great novelists understood and worked hard at their art; they finished their pictures, instead of daubing suggestions with their thumb. What novelist of to-day takes the trouble to work out a character, to fill in the details, to make us see the man or woman, "*sic ille manus, sic ora gerebat*"? Not one. That very clever woman, John Oliver Hobbes, tried her hand at a political characterisation in Robert Orange, and failed, from lack of knowledge and perhaps a morbid subtlety. But the majority do not try to do anything but fill up so many pages. Perhaps the fault is not entirely with the novelist of to-day: the public of to-day must bear their share of blame. A restless, skipping, sipping, superficial generation has not the time or the patience to read the three volumes on which the masters of fiction have lavished their genius. Trollope's deans and Thackeray's colonels are all very well: but who has time nowadays to read such endless analysis of character? People want a novel which they can read in a few hours; and we have no Maupassant, now that Wilde and Harold Frederic have gone, and Mr. Frank Harris has buried himself in Shakespearian emendation. So that between the three-volume novel, which no one will read, and the short story, which no one can write, we have come to the ground in the short novel, which is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red-herring. For we are not blaming Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who writes what the publishers will pay for, and writes it better than many of her contemporaries. We are lamenting the disappearance of the novel as a work of art, and this particular novel called "*Halcyone*" is merely a peg on which we hang our homily.

FANATICS AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

"*Morocco in Diplomacy*." By E. D. Morel. London Smith, Elder. 1912. 6s. net.

"*Morocco after Twenty-five Years*." By Dr. Robert Kerr. London: Murray and Evenden. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. MOREL is one of that class of advocates who ruin their own cause by the violence and malignity of their advocacy. His thesis is well known, for his articles have appeared in the reviews and he is one of the group which desires to import more publicity into the general conduct of our foreign policy. In spite of denials, this really means that the amateur should take the place of the professional. We confess that on their public "form", as particularly exemplified in the case of Mr. Morel, we are more convinced than ever that this would be no improvement. Whatever the obsession of our Foreign Office may be as against Germany, it is nothing to the partisanship we should find under parliamentary control if we may judge by the language employed by the supporters of the proposed change and their utter lack of balance. Apparently, in Mr. Morel's view, Germany is almost above criticism in the Morocco business. Harden in the "*Zukunft*" took a much more sensible view of the affair when he said it was a "*Machtfrage*". It was simply a question whether Germany would give way or England and France. The fact is that it was another attempt by Germany to test the strength of the "*Entente*", and it stood the strain. The chief fault lay with Germany in sending the "*Panther*" to Agadir, where she had no subjects and no economic interests to protect beyond those which Mannesmann brothers might hope to create or those she shared with other nations associated in the "*Union des Mines*". The truth of course is that German diplomacy made the same blunder here that it has made before. It believed that a Radical Ministry would never stand up to it; in fact it believed that Mr. Morel's friends were much more important people than they are. Having found out the mistake, they are all angry with the British Foreign Office. Sir Edward Grey, the "caste system" of our diplomacy, and Sir A. Nicholson, they assert, are the real authors

of all the trouble. We are no friends to the existing régime in France and agree with Mr. Morel that "financial corruption, personal intrigues and dangerous irresponsibility" are its distinguishing marks. We fail however to see that this helps his argument for importing "democracy" into our own foreign affairs. We also hold that these facts may be good arguments against going hand in hand with France further than honour compels us, but in 1911 to desert France would have been neither honourable nor wise. Mr. Morel oddly enough is an apologist for that "triste personnage" M. Caillaux and can find hardly any fault with German policy, which was in truth both clumsy and provocative.

It was generally understood in Germany at the time that the sending of the "Panther" meant that Germany was intending to appropriate the Sus Valley and adjacent territory. It was also known that influential newspapers were instructed to "write up" this design. This is entirely confirmed by the evidence given a few months ago at a notorious trial arising out of a quarrel between two well-known German newspapers. Maps too were certainly prepared showing this portion of Moorish territory marked "Morocco Deutsch". Yet Germany was bound to France by the Franco-German Accord of 1909, the important words of which ran as follows: "The Imperial Government has only economic interests in Morocco. It has recognised that the special political interests of France in this country make for the firm establishment of internal peace and order, and it is resolved not to impede the representation of these interests". Mr. Morel mentions this agreement, but evades its real meaning. It meant, if words mean anything, that Germany abandoned her former claim to protect the integrity of the Sultan's dominions in return for economic advantages. This was admitted by the "Neue Freie Presse", often used as a German Government organ. In 1911 she claimed territorial compensation as well and got it.

In attacking the Foreign Office *quand même*, because it is the F.O. manned from "one class only", opponents of the Anglo-French Agreement mar a good case. The SATURDAY REVIEW found itself for once in agreement with Lord Rosebery in his hostility to many of its provisions. We believe our Government has done a dangerous thing in establishing a Great Power in Morocco. Some of the minor results of this and the grave inconveniences resulting to British subjects are set out by Dr. Kerr, who knows Morocco well and likes the people. Some of his indictments against our Consular system deserve consideration. He is evidently talking of what he knows, and is not merely trying to make out a case against Sir E. Grey or individual diplomatists whom he happens to hate. He has the prejudice against our diplomatic representatives common to most missionaries and many merchants, who never think they are fitly supported. But he clearly seems to have been at least once abominably treated himself, and there has been generally too much kowtowing to the French by our Consuls. It is only fair, however, to point out that the French have carried out their part of the bargain in Egypt and Newfoundland loyally.

Anyone with a sense of humour will be entertained by comparing these books with M. Hanotaux' latest volume. This experienced writer and statesman thinks that the able, practical, Machiavellian British Foreign Office and its diplomatic representatives have completely hoodwinked their French partners. He maintains that we have astutely made use of them, inventing and employing the "encirclement" policy to insure their help only till we could settle with Germany on our own terms. Certainly this distinguished Frenchman and Mr. Morel cannot both be right; probably they are both wrong, though Mr. Morel might benefit both his cause and himself by imitating the more urbane style of the Immortal.

JUNGLE JOCOSITY.

"Jungle Folk: Indian Natural History Sketches." By Douglas Dewar. London and New York: Lane. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS book might have been produced as a warning to those who confuse journalism with literature. Every one of the forty-four chapters it comprises is of the nature of a life study of birds or beasts well known in India, which by their habits force themselves upon the attention of many, including those who profess to care nothing for natural history. These chapters have appeared from time to time in some half-a-dozen Indian newspapers, and were, likely enough, enjoyed by the casual reader. But a style which might pass muster in the ephemeral pages of some Indian newspaper is hardly suited for reproduction in book form as a contribution to natural history literature. The pitiful thing is that some—in fact, not a few—of the chapters being really excellent studies at first hand of animal life as daily seen amid the surroundings of those who live in India, owing to the perversity of the author, are marred by the introduction of a mass of wholly irrelevant and objectionable matter. Briefly, in our opinion the book is spoilt by its tone and style.

Readers of books on India must submit to a certain number of Indian terms which are difficult to express in plain English. But Mr. Dewar, not content with these, revels in doubtful French. He seems incapable of describing simple facts in English, and his birds follow suit. His goshawk flies up into a tree and says "J'y suis, j'y reste"—and comes down. The tails of the spotted squirrels which frequent his bungalow are always "en évidence".

Many of the chapters are padded with uninteresting extracts from the writings on birds of sundry authors, for the most part unknown. In one place a whole page is devoted to the lucubrations of Jules Michelet. Why this is done it is hard to say, for Mr. Dewar asserts that "no more wrong-headed naturalist ever lived", and winds up with his opinion that "greater nonsense never was penned". We agree with enthusiasm, and would add that such padding should be reserved for a newspaper.

The Latin which so plentifully bestrews the book is not always above criticism, and at places is distinctly careless. Thus the Indian skimmer belongs to the genus *Rynchops*, not *Rynchope*, and the cuckoo to that of *Coccytes*, not *Coccytis*. We have always understood that the common Indian neophron was of the species styled "ginginianus", yet on page 22 it is named "percnopterus", the western species which inhabits Southern Europe and Northern Africa. These are, however, minor technical blunders. What will surely exacerbate every reader of education and literary knowledge are Mr. Dewar's appalling similes and painfully elaborated metaphors. Apparently for him Nature is but a replica of man's designs. The purple moor-hen (for thus he styles "porphyrio") is for him "a study in art blue—a bird which should appeal strongly to Messrs. Liberty and Co." It is suggestive of the writer who discovered that the desert was of the colour of khaki. The alarm evinced by a bulbul upon an intruder approaching its nest is laboriously likened "to the behaviour of the captain of a Russian gunboat, when an innocent vessel happens to enter the zone of sea (sic) in the centre of which the Czar's yacht floats". Again, a peacock which suddenly emerges from the scrub is said to be possessed of "a good-morning-have-you-used-Pears'-soap air?" The book is full of such nonsense.

This is not natural history. It may be said that Mr. Dewar in his fits of journalistic exuberance does not take himself very seriously. But he does, as is proved by his repeated attacks on Darwin and Wallace, which occur in chapter after chapter, and are for the most part as uninformed and unintelligible as they are irrelevant. Thus, having made the discovery that cormorants, crows and coots are black, he comes to the conclusion that this fact must be "very

annoying" to scientific men, and proceeds to deride the whole system of "protective colouration" in Nature. Incidentally he cites the unprotected condition of a black coot conspicuous "in the middle of some large tank far away from weeds and cover". He somehow forgets that coots are most expert divers, and are thus well able to take care of themselves.

A book with so many absurdities and so defective in tone and style might seem past mending. Yet it is not. If Mr. Dewar will seek some literary friend and with his aid strike out the feeble passages, there would be left a volume, some half or three-quarters the size, containing much of real interest to the naturalist.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1er Juillet.

The present number contains no one paper of surpassing interest, but there are two articles which throw considerable light on the strenuous life led by the French forces in Morocco and elsewhere in Africa. The native troops, in fact, are continually in action, and lose several hundreds of their men every year. As in our own Indian regiments, the strongest ties exist between officers and men. Such a force would be very formidable wherever employed. M. Hazard writes in an interesting style of Giovanni Pascoli, the Italian poet, who died recently. M. Charmes has some illuminating comments on the debate on the Reform Bill now proceeding in the French Chamber. It is pretty clear that the Bill will now go through, owing to the bold front shown by M. Poincaré and his Ministry. The Radical Socialist Party have been hopelessly beaten. M. Charmes protests rightly against the attempt, apparently to a certain extent acquiesced in by the Ministry, to recognise as obligatory on any important occasion that the Government should have a "Republican" majority. This is indeed the negation of all representative government.

For this Week's Books see pages 26 and 28.

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The Secretary (Mr. J. W. Cronasser) having read the notice, The Chairman said: The company had been formed under the auspices of the Oilfields Finance Corporation with a capital of £1,750,000 to acquire the assets and undertakings of five British oil companies operating in Roumania—the former Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, Ltd., the Bana Moreni Petroleum Company, Ltd., Roumanian Oilfields, Ltd., the British Roumanian Oil Company, Ltd., and the Central Roumanian Petroleum Company. These five companies had a subscribed capital of rather over £950,000, but in the amalgamation some £200,000 had been written off, so that of the authorised capital of the new undertaking nearly £1,000,000 will be available for working capital and for the general purposes of the company. Of this amount £250,000 was guaranteed. What were they getting in the undertakings of these companies which they were taking over? The assets included about 7000 acres of oil lands, and a large part of these were oil lands situated in the very richest fields of Roumania. The Chairman then went in some detail into the situation of the properties and their prospects. He said: "We are very glad, however, to have a footing at Bordeni through the Central Roumanian Company, which we have absorbed, and I think we shall find that a good asset. Lying further out are numerous fields in which we have reserve lands, which in future are likely to prove of very great importance. These are Chiojdenca, Apostolache, Valeni de Munte, Vulcanesti, Breaza, Puciosa, Glodeni, and, closer in, Baioci and Boldesti. At all these places we have reserve lands, and that is a very important thing for a great oil company like this, because while we proceed to work on the proved lands, in the first instance, we shall occasionally put down a trial well on some of these outlying lands, and in Roumania you never know what that may produce. Even Bana, now one of the most promising fields in Roumania, was proved by an obligatory well which no one was very anxious to put down. The persons who were entitled to have the well sunk on their property declined, it is said, a sum of £1000 which was offered them to get rid of the obligation. The well was sunk, and the result was that a great oil field was proved. The history of Roumania is full of romances of that kind. Campina is the second field in all Roumania at the present time, and was for many years the principal field. This also was proved in a similar fashion; wells were sunk which served no useful purpose—no oil was found. The people working there moved to Bustenari, and they got oil at shallow depth. Then one day they remembered that a good deal of casing was left in the abandoned wells at Campina, and they sent men there to remove it from the wells. In attempting to move the casing they got a great fountain of oil, and Campina has proved a bigger oilfield than even Bustenari. Outside the five fields in which they were drilling there was a wide area of reserve land on which they could drill in the future, so that no shareholder in Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, Ltd., need have any doubt about the proved extent of their oil-bearing lands. He continued: "I have been asked repeatedly since this scheme of amalgamation was first brought forward: 'Why do not you bring in the Moreni (Roumania) Oilfields, Ltd.?' The Moreni (Roumania) Company was brought out under the auspices of our own group, and it has been a very successful company. Within three months of its formation it struck oil in well No. 4 in Bana, and it has gone steadily on. Up to date it has produced and marketed some £12,000 or £13,000 worth of oil, and it has not only got fine properties at Moreni, with increasing production, but it has a magnificent property in Filipesti de Padure, where, starting drilling only two months ago, we have already got a well down over 1000 feet. I find considerable difficulty in answering that question why we did not bring in the Moreni; but perhaps the best answer, apart from the fact that Moreni required a considerable premium, was the certainty that the inclusion of Moreni's deep drilling lands at Filipesti de Padure would require an increase of our initial working capital from £250,000 to £300,000 or more. When we were out in Roumania the other day—four of your directors—we were very much struck by the way in which the Moreni property at various points adjoined the properties of the combine. We found not a mere duplication of offices, smithies, stores, &c., but a quadruplication. At Moreni every company has offices of its own, a smithy of its own, stores of its own, and so on. We arrived at the conclusion that, if we were to have the economy and efficiency in administration which we are all aiming at, it was very desirable to bring the Moreni as well into the combine. On the question of a premium we were not adamant; at the same time, we said that, if Moreni came into the combine, she ought to bring a dowry with her. Moreni, as I have said, has lands at Filipesti de Padure of enormous value, but they need a lot of money to develop them, and we did not want to see the claims of the Moreni Company's lands making too great demands upon our £250,000 of guaranteed working capital. We have come to this provisional arrangement with the Moreni Company: we have said, 'Issue your remaining 110,000 shares for subscription; get half of them subscribed in cash, and then come into the combine at a premium if you like.' The arrangement will be subject, of course, to the approval of the Moreni shareholders after the issue has been made. Suppose the Moreni shareholders decide to continue to paddle their own canoe, we wish them no harm—I cannot very well, as I am Chairman—and the Moreni will be quite able to continue an independent career and to prosper in the future as it has done in the past. On the other hand I sincerely think it will be good business for Moreni to come in on the terms suggested. It will also be good business for this company, because we shall get all the advantages of consolidation and co-operation, and we shall absorb an undertaking with most valuable lands, with wells already producing, with other wells which are drilled almost to oil, and with a substantial working capital in hand to develop the remaining lands. I believe the deal will be a good one for both companies, but, as I have said, it will be for the Moreni shareholders, when they have made their issue of capital, to decide for themselves whether they want to come in or not. If they do not come in it will do no harm for them to have that extra working capital subscribed in order to develop their properties." Dealing with the personnel of the directorate, the Chairman explained that all the companies in the combine would be represented on the new board. There would thus be continuity of administration. With regard to production he said: "While it is always difficult to dogmatise about the production of a company such as ours, Mr. Blundstone estimates that by the end of the present year we ought to have a production of some 12,500 tons per month, and next year that production ought to rise to 30,000 tons, or possibly, if we are able to expedite the boring programme a little before the end of the year, to 40,000 tons. That shows what Mr. Blundstone thinks of the lands which are owned by our new company. I can assure you that nothing will be wanting on the part of the directors to secure the highest output that is compatible with economy and efficiency."

Mr. H. S. Foster, on behalf of the shareholders, thanked the board for placing the facts with regard to the property before them so lucidly and so promptly.

The Chairman responded, and the proceedings terminated.

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A Copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The List of Applications will open on Thursday, 4th July, 1912, and close on or before Saturday, 6th July, 1912.

THE SENA SUGAR FACTORY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

SHARE CAPITAL - £410,000,

Divided into 16,000 Preference Shares of £10 each, entitled to (1) A fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 7 per cent. per annum, and (2) Priority as to Capital and arrears of Dividend (if any) upon a distribution of the Assets; and 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

The Company has two Issues of Debentures outstanding:—(a) An Issue of £80,000 6 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, and (b) an Issue of £100,000 6½ per cent. Mortgage Debentures.

These Debentures are redeemable in series of £10,000 each, one series of the 6 per cent. Debentures being subject to redemption in each year up to 1920, and one series of the 6½ per cent. Debentures being subject to redemption in each year from 1921 to 1930.

The Company offers for Subscription at par 16,000 Preference Shares of £10 each, payable as follows:—

£ s. d.	
5 per cent.	= 0 10 0 per share on Application.
45 per cent.	= 4 10 0 per share on Allotment.
25 per cent.	= 2 10 0 per share on July 15, 1912.
25 per cent.	= 2 10 0 per share on August 15, 1912.

£10 0 0

Firm applications have been received for 5,237 Preference shares, which will be allotted in full on the terms of this Prospectus.

The Preference shares will rank for dividend as from July 1, 1912, and dividends will be payable half-yearly on January 1 and July 1 in every year.

Discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum will be allowed on instalments paid in advance.

Directors.

ARTHUR NEVILLE LUBBOCK, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C., Merchant (Chairman).
JOHN PETER HORNUNG, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C., Sugar Planter.
THEODORE HORNUNG, Burward House, Kensington Court, London, W., Merchant.
CHARLES LAGEMANN, 29 Mincing Lane, London, E.C., Sugar Broker.
JULIUS RITTERSHAUSEN, 145 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., Merchant.

Bankers.

THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED, 10 Clement's Lane, London, E.C.; and
THE NATIONAL BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED, 113 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Solicitors.

SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18 Austin Friars, London, E.C.

Brokers.

VERTUE, LUBBOCK & CO., 43 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., 3 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Secretary and Offices.

C. A. UNDERWOOD, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company carries on the business of Sugar Planters and Refiners in Portuguese East Africa and Lisbon. It was incorporated in February 1910, when it took over as a going concern the undertaking, assets, and liabilities of a Company of the same name (incorporated in 1906), including an estate and sugar factory at Sena, on the River Zambesi.

Since its formation the Company has acquired the Marromeu Estate and Factory, which is also situate on the Zambesi.

These two Estates are approximately 15,000 acres in extent, and the Sena Estate is subject to a rental of 3 contos of reis (£666 13s. 4d.) per annum, increasing to 3½ contos (£777 15s. 6d.) per annum in July 1915.

Under an agreement with the firm of Messrs. Hornung & Co. the Company has also acquired a one-third interest in a lease expiring in March 1931, but renewable by the lessee for a further five years, of all the property in Africa of the Companhia do Assucar de Mocambique and two refineries in Lisbon. This property in Africa consists of a concession of 50,000 acres, including the sugar estate of 6,588 acres at Mopoa, with exclusive facilities for recruiting labour over a large district. This agreement gives the Company one-third of the net profits on the working of the Mopoa Sugar Estate and the two refineries in Lisbon, in return for which the Company agrees to finance the estate and the refineries.

The Company has further acquired valuable concessions over very large areas known as the Angonia, Goma, Mugovo, and Luabo districts, from which there is an ample supply of native labour obtainable at reasonable wages.

The Company has established a thorough system of irrigation on the Sena Estate, where the rainfall is uncertain, but this has been found unnecessary at Marromeu, which is close to the mouth of the Zambesi River.

The areas of the Company's estates now under cultivation is as follows:—

	SENA.	MARROMEU.
Plants	1,500 acres	1,700 acres
Ratoons	3,400 acres	1,580 acres
	4,900 acres	3,280 acres

giving a total of 8,280 acres, as against 5,712 acres in 1911.

The first crop of sugar was obtained in the year 1908 under the regime of the old Company, and the crops obtained during that year and the succeeding years were as follows:—

Year ended December 31.	Acres Cut.	Crops (Tons).
1908	1,465	5,200
1909	2,479	9,047
1910	5,222	9,492
1911	5,712	14,450

The auditors of the Company report as follows:—

3 Frederick's Place,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.

June 18, 1912.

To the directors of the Sena Sugar Factory, Limited.
GENTLEMEN.—Having acted as auditors of your Company and of its predecessor since its inception in the year 1906, we certify that the

net profits earned by the Company from its own estates, as disclosed by the books kept in London, and the returns received from the estates for the four years ended December 31, 1911, were as stated below.

The profits for the first two years were derived from the Sena Estate, and those for the years 1910 and 1911 from the Sena and Marromeu Estates. The profits are stated below, after deducting depreciation upon all capital outlay at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, interest on borrowed money, and all management expenses, including directors' and managing directors' fees. On this basis the profits were as follows:—

For the year 1908 (first crop)	£14,512 6 6
" " 1909	28,133 7 6
" " 1910	20,556 2 5
" " 1911	90,955 4 5

The above profits are exclusive of the profits derived from the partnership with Messrs. Hornung & Co., in the Mopoa property and the Lisbon Refineries, earned in the year 1911.

We are, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

Taking the above profits for the last two years, it will be seen that on the average they were sufficient to cover the dividend on the present issue of Preference shares practically five times over, and those for the last year taken by itself were sufficient to cover it more than eight times.

The annual amount required for Debenture interest (already deducted in the Auditors' Certificate) is at present £11,500, which figure will, of course, diminish year by year as the Debentures are redeemed.

The Company's balance sheet for the year 1911 shows that the property and business at Sena and Marromeu, advances under partnership agreement, trading stores, &c., stand at £558,601 3s. 2d. after allowing for depreciation.

The Company has, in conjunction with Ludwig Densus & Co., of Hamburg, recently formed a Company called The Zambesi Navigation Company, Limited, for the purpose of undertaking the conveyance of passengers, goods, and produce on the River Zambesi, and more especially the transport of the Company's produce.

The Company has acquired Shares to the value of £26,000 in The Zambesi Navigation Co., Limited, out of a total capital of £50,000, thus holding 52 per cent. interest therein and the consequent control of transport facilities.

The purpose of the present issue is to enable the Company to adjust its Capital Account, having regard to its recent expenditure and the increased requirements of its business.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is fixed by the Articles of Association at 10 per cent. of the shares offered, but the whole amount of this issue has been underwritten by Messrs. VERTUE, LUBBOCK & CO., at a commission of 4 per cent. and an over-riding commission of 1 per cent.

The sum of £2,600 has been paid within the last two years as commission for subscribing or procuring subscriptions for Debentures of the Company.

The Articles of Association provide that at Meetings of the Company, on a show of hands, every member present in person shall have one vote, and at a poll every member present in person, or by proxy, shall have one vote for every share held by him.

The Resolution creating the Preference Shares now offered confers on the holders thereof, both in respect of profits and capital, priority over the Ordinary Shares, and provides that the Preference Shares shall confer no further right to participate in the profits or surplus assets of the Company.

The following Contracts have been entered into within the last two years:—

12th September, 1910. Sub-lease of the Angonia District and other property, made between the Companhia da Zambesia and Raphael Bivar Pinto Lopes.

14th September, 1910. Assignment of Sub-lease of the Angonia District, between Raphael Bivar Pinto Lopes and Thomas de Paiva Raposo.

15th September, 1910. Deed of Purchase of Buildings in the Angonia District, made between the same parties.

11th February, 1911. Deed of Purchase of Rights to Lease of the Mugovo and Goma Estates and Buildings, made between Messrs. Lomelino & Bivar and Thomas de Paiva Raposo.

12th April, 1911. Lease between the Companhia do Assucar de Mocambique and John Peter Hornung, being the above-mentioned lease of property in Africa and Refineries in Lisbon.

25th April, 1911. Contract between Thomas de Paiva Raposo and John Peter Hornung, as Attorney for the Company, being the deed of purchase of the Angonia, Goma and Mugovo Concessions.

16th June, 1911. Contract between the Company and Messrs. Hornung & Co., by which Messrs. Hornung & Co. are appointed Managers of the Company.

16th June, 1911. Contract between John Peter Hornung and the Company, under which the Company acquires the one-third interest in the lease of 12th April, 1911, referred to above.

20th June, 1911. Debenture Trust Deed between the Company and the Honourable Arthur Grenville Brodbeck and Alan Richardson.

4th April, 1912. Contract between the Company and The Zambesi Navigation Co., Limited, being an Agreement for sale of boats to the latter Company.

4th April, 1912. Contract between the Company of the first part, John Peter Hornung, Charles Bernard Raphael Hornung, and Rudolph Willem Vroon, of the second part, and The Zambesi Navigation Company, Limited, of the third part, being an agreement as to freights.

3rd July, 1912. Underwriting Contract between Messrs. Vertue, Lubbock & Co. and the Company.

Copies of the above-mentioned Contracts and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of Messrs. SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18 Austin Friars, London, E.C., on any day during business hours prior to the closing of the lists.

Applications must be made on the prescribed form, and sent to The Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10 Clement's Lane, London, E.C., together with the amount payable on application.

In default of payment of any instalment at its due date the amount or amounts previously paid will be liable to be forfeited and the allotments cancelled.

Interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum will be charged on overdue instalments.

If no allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full, and if a partial allotment is made the surplus will be applied in payment of the amount due on allotment, and the balance, if any, will be returned.

A brokerage of 6d. per share will be paid on all shares allotted to the public on applications bearing the stamps of Brokers or other approved agents.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

Dated 3rd July, 1912.

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